

IN-DWELLING GOD.

He dwelleth on the mountain tops,
Where the morning mists arise,
And in the glancing drop of dew
That in the valley waters glides,
And in the gloomy cavern deep,
Where quivering waters glide,
And staccato beauties have their birth,
There, too, He doth abide.
I see Him in the silvery stream
That old ocean pours,
And in the wondrous howl that spurs
Where "red" Niagara roars.
I hear His voice when the whistling wind
Around my dwelling blows,
And in the jingling hail and rain,
And in the music of the snows.
In the restless wood-bird's simple song—
From thrush to whippoorwill—
His presence is apparent
As a city on a hill.
The fragrance of each beautiful flower
Is but His scented speech,
And the glory of His eloquence
Far into my soul doth reach.
The light of sun and twinkling stars
Are embodiments of His smile,
And oh, how oft I upward gaze
And worship all the while!
Closer, closer still, I follow Him;
His language I understand;
Through every joy, and sorrow too,
How with me He doth stand.
And when His mandate summons me
To cross death's darksome tide,
I interpret the summons thus:
"Nestle closer to His side."
—Chicago Ledger.

A LESSON ON DRESS.

My young friend, Cora Lee, was a gay dashing girl, fond of dress and looking always as if, to use a common saying, just out of the bandbox. Cora was a belle of course, and had many admirers. Among the number of these was a young man named Edward Douglass, who was a very "pink" of peatness in all matters pertaining to dress, and exceedingly particular in his observance in the little proprieties of life.

I saw from the first that if Douglass had pressed his suit, Cora's heart would be an easy conquest, and so it proved.

"How admirably they are fitted for each other," I remarked to my husband on the night of the wedding. "Their tastes are similar, and their habits so much alike that no violence will be done to the feelings of either in the more intimate associations that marriage brings. Both are neat in person and orderly by instinct, and both have good principles."

"From all present appearance the match will be a good one," my husband replied.

There was, I thought, something like reservation in his tone.

"Do you really think so?" I said, a little ironically, for Mr. Smith's approval of the marriage was hardly warm enough to suit my fancy.

"Oh, certainly. Why not?" he replied.

I felt a little fretted at my husband's mode of speaking, but made no further remark on the subject. He is never very enthusiastic nor sanguine and did not mean, in this instance, to doubt the fitness of the parties for happiness in the married state, as I half imagined. For myself, I warmly approved my friend's choice, and called her husband a lucky fellow to secure for his companion through life a woman so admirably fitted to make one like him happy. But a visit which I paid Cora one day, about six weeks after the honeymoon had expired, lessened my enthusiasm on the subject and awoke some unpleasant doubt.

It happened that I called soon after breakfast. Cora met me in the parlor, looking like a very fright. She wore a soiled and rumpled morning wrapper, her hair was in paper, and she had on dirty stockings and a pair of old slippers down at the heels.

"Bless me, Cora!" I said, "what is the matter? Have you been ill?"

"No. Why do you ask? Is my dishabille rather of the extreme?"

"Candidly, I think it is, Cora," was my frank answer.

"Oh! well, no matter," she carelessly replied, "my fortune's made."

"I don't clearly understand you," I said.

"I'm married, you know."

"Yes, I am aware of that fact."

"No need of being so particular in dress now, for didn't I just say," replied Cora, "that my fortune's made? I've got a husband."

Beneath an air of jesting was apparent the real earnestness of my friend.

"You dressed with a careful regard and neatness in order to win Edward's love," said I.

"Certainly I did."

"And should you not do the same in order to retain it?"

"Why, Mrs. Smith, do you think that my husband's affection goes no deeper than my dress? I should be very sorry indeed to think that. He loves me for myself."

"No doubt of that in the world, Cora; but remember that he cannot see what is in your mind, except by what you do or say. If he admires your taste, for instance, it is not from any abstract appreciation of it, but because the taste manifests itself in what you do; and depend upon it, he will find it a very hard matter to approve and admire your correct taste in dress, for instance, when you appear before him every day in your present unattractive attire. If you do not dress well for your husband's eyes, for whose eyes, pray, do you dress? You are as neat when alone as you were before your marriage."

"As to that, Mrs. Smith, common decency requires me to dress well when I go out into company, to say nothing of the pride one naturally feels in looking well."

"And does not the same common decency and natural pride argue strongly in favor of your dressing well at home, and for the eyes of your husband, whose approval and admiration must be dearer to you than the approval and admiration of the whole world?"

"But he doesn't want to see me rigged out in silks and satins all the time. A pretty bill my dressmaker would have against him in that event! Edward has more sense than that, I flatter myself."

"Street or ball-room attire is one thing, Cora, and becoming home apparel another. We look for both in their place!"

Thus I argued with the thoughtless young wife, but my words made no impression. When abroad she dressed with exquisite taste, and was lovely to look upon; but at home she was careless and slovenly, and made it almost impossible for those who saw her to believe that she

was the brilliant beauty they had met in company but a short time before.

But even this did not last long. I noticed after a few months, that the habits of home were not only confirming themselves, but becoming apparent abroad. Her fortune was made and why should she now waste time or employ her thoughts about matters of personal appearance?

The habits of Mr. Douglass, on the contrary, did not change. He was as orderly as before, and dressed with the same regard to neatness. He never appeared at the breakfast table in the morning without being shaved, nor did he lounge about in the evening in his shirt sleeves. The slovenly habits into which Cora had fallen annoyed him seriously, and still more so when her carelessness about her appearance began to manifest itself abroad as well as at home. When he hinted anything on the subject she did not hesitate to reply in a jesting manner, that her "fortune was made;" she did not trouble herself any longer about how she looked.

Douglass did not feel very much complimented, but he had his share of good sense, he saw that to assume a cold and offended manner would do no good.

"If your fortune is made, so is mine," he replied on one occasion, quite coolly and indifferently. Next morning he appeared at the breakfast table with a beard of twenty-four hours' growth.

"You haven't shaved this morning, dear," said Cora, to whose eyes the dirty-looking face of her husband was particularly unpleasant.

"No," he replied, carelessly. "It is a serious trouble to shave every day."

"But you look much better with a cleanly shaved face."

"Looks are nothing—ease and comfort is everything," said Douglass.

"But common decency, Edward."

"I see nothing indecent in a long beard," replied the husband.

Still Cora argued, but in vain. Her husband went off to his business with his unshaved face.

"I don't know whether to shave or not," said Douglass, next morning, running over his rough face, upon which was a beard of forty-eight hours' growth.

His wife had hastily thrown on a wrapper, and with slippers on and head like a mop, was lounging in a rocking-chair awaiting the breakfast bell.

"For mercy's sake, Edward, don't go any longer with that shockingly dirty face," spoke up Cora. "If you knew how dreadfully you looked!"

"Looks are nothing," replied Edward, stroking his beard.

"Why, what has come over you all at once?"

"Nothing, only it's such a trouble to shave every day."

"But you didn't shave yesterday."

"I know; I'm just as well off to-day as if I had. So much saved at any rate."

But Cora urged the matter, and her husband finally yielded, and moved down the luxuriant growth of beard.

"How much better you do look!" said the young wife. "Now don't go another day without shaving."

"But why should I take so much trouble about my mere looks? I'm just as good with a long beard as a short one. It's a great deal of trouble to shave every day. You can love me just as well, and why need I care what others say or think?"

On the following morning Douglass appeared, not only with a long beard, but with a shirt front and collar that were both soiled and crumpled.

"Why, Edward, how do you look?" said Cora. "You have neither shaved nor put on a clean shirt."

Edward stroked his face, and ran his fingers along the edge of his collar, remarking indifferently, as he did so:

"It is no matter. I look well enough. This being so very particular in dress is a waste of time, and I am getting tired of it."

And in this trim Douglass went off to his business, much to the annoyance of his wife, who could not bear to see her husband look so slovenly.

Gradually the declension from neatness went on, until Edward was quite a match for his wife, and yet, strange to say, Cora had not taken the hint; broad as it was. In her own person she was as untidy as ever.

About six months after their marriage, we invited a few friends to spend a social evening with us. Cora and her husband among the number. Cora came alone quite early, and said that her husband was very much engaged, and could not come until after tea.

My friend had not taken much pains with her attire. Indeed, her appearance mortified me, as it contrasted so decidedly with that of the other ladies present, and I could not help suggesting to her that she was very wrong in being so indifferent about her dress. But she laughingly replied:

"You know my fortune's made now, Mrs. Smith. I can afford to be negligent in these matters. It is a great waste of time to dress so much."

I tried to argue against this, but could make no impression upon her.

About an hour after tea, and while we were all engaged in pleasant conversation, the door to the parlor opened and in walked Mr. Douglass. At the first glance I thought I must be mistaken. But no, it was Edward himself. But what a figure he did cut! His uncombed hair was standing up in stiff spikes in a hundred different directions; his face could not have felt the touch of a razor for two or three days, and he was quite less of clean linen for at least the same length of time. His vest was soiled, his boots unblackened, and there was an unmistakable hole in one of his elbows.

"Why, Edward!" exclaimed his wife with a look of mortification and distress, as her husband came across the room, with a face in which no consciousness of the horrid figure he cut could be detected.

"Why, my dear fellow, what is the matter?" said my husband, frankly; for he perceived that the ladies were beginning to titter, and the gentlemen were looking at each other and trying to repress their risible tendencies, and therefore deemed it best to try to throw off all reserve upon the subject.

"The matter? Nothing's the matter, I believe. Why do you ask?"

Douglass looked grave.

"Well, may he ask what is the matter," broke in Cora energetically. "How could you come here in such a plight?"

"In such a plight?" and Edward looked

down at himself, felt his beard and ran his fingers through his hair. What is the matter? Is anything wrong?"

"You look as if you just waked up from a nap of a week with your clothes on and came off without washing your face or combing your hair," said my husband.

"Oh!" and Edward's countenance brightened a little. Then he said with much gravity of manner, "I have been extremely hurried of late, and only left business a few minutes ago. I hardly thought it worth while to go to dress; I knew we were all friends here. Besides, as my fortune is made, (and he glanced with a look not to be mistaken, toward his wife), I do not feel called upon to give as much attention to dress as formerly. Before I was married it was necessary to be more particular in these matters, but now it is no consequence."

I turned toward Cora. Her face was like crimson. In a few moments she arose and went quickly from the room. I followed her, and Edward came after as pretty soon. He found his wife in tears, and sobbing almost hysterically.

"I've got a carriage at the door," he said to me, aside, half laughing, half serious—"so help her on with her things, and we'll retire in disorder."

"But it's too bad of you, Mr. Douglass," replied I.

"Forgive me for making your house the scene of this lesson," he whispered. "It had to be given, and I thought I would trespass upon your forbearance."

"I'll think about that," I replied.

In a few minutes Cora and her husband retired, and in spite of good breeding and everything else, we all had a hearty laugh on my return to the parlor, where I explained the curious little scene that had just occurred.

How Cora and her husband settled the affair, I never inquired. But one thing is certain, I never saw her in a slovenly dress afterward, at home or abroad. She was cured.

MUSIC.

As God gave man reason and imagination and memory and love, so he gave man power to enjoy certain forms of sound—an inexpressible, ultimate sentiment in the soul. Man is clothed, evidently, with certain divine attributes which the brute world does not possess. The brute will trample under foot unseen a flower which a human child will run wildly to possess, and the delicate perfume, which would not be detected by an animal, is gathered up with gladness by man. The beast of prey can scent afar the blood of its natural food; can even follow the old track of its victim, but cannot perceive the best perfume of Arab; nor the aroma of a sea wind. Man alone reveals the power to discern the beautiful. The universe around him is not only immense in its sizes and distances, but it is grand in its beauty. The star distances amaze the human heart. It grows silent and thoughtful when it learns that some suns are so far away that their light consumes 6,000 years in coming to our planet; the same heart grows silent and meditative when it looks out upon the Atlantic or Pacific seas; when the flowers all burst forth in the spring, and when they are all fading in autumn this same strange soul marks within itself the spiritual flow and ebb of delight and regret, and when the thunder rolls of the pine trees moan or the birds sing or the tones of voice or instrument send forth the vibrations, this human and mysterious power asserts itself and stands as happy and blessed in the world of sounds as it was a moment ago in the world of color and perfume. Of this sentiment of the beautiful we can only say that it is an ultimate quality of man, one of the images of God in which he was fashioned when the Creator said: "Let us make man in our own image." Once sent forth on his career it enters the school-house like a child and begins with its simple lessons. Our earth repeats in all its departments the law of infancy and youth and middle life and mature age, with this difference, that arts and institutions do not grow old and die. All our arts pass through an alphabet and the school-house and the shop of the apprentice, but they do not, like man, fall into a grave.

Of late years old Egypt has come more toward the front in this procession of nations and ages and learning. Greece, coming to us through Rome, became, in an important sense, one of our ancestors, and drew from Western Europe the affection of children for a parent, and for centuries scholars saw only what they called the classic world. Egypt lay hidden behind the columns of Greece. Even the pyramids lay concealed behind the shield of Achilles or under the helmet of Ajax; but a land and state so vast could not always be thus covered up by a Greek column or plume. In the last half century that old land has been allowed her name as the Mother of Nations, and due confession has been made of her part in the drama of mankind. It is now conceded that the music of Egypt was wider and richer than that of Greece. The antiquaries have found carved in an old tomb at Thebes a harp having twenty-one strings, and this harp was about the height of a man, showing us that the music which the ear heard in Thebes, 4,000 years ago, ran from the deep notes of our longest piano string upward three octaves. With such a scale of sweet sounds from a stringed instrument, it is quite certain that the Mother of Nations was a mother of no very humble music. Other figures remain upon monuments, which tell us that the Egyptian girls played upon the guitar, and perhaps sung words to the notes, a thousand years before Greece and Rome became visible in history. What system of written music they may have had is not known.—David Spring.

THE term "doughfaces" was first used by John Randolph on the occasion of the passage of the Missouri Compromise bill in 1821. He stigmatized that compromise as a "dirty bargain," and denominated the Southern members of Congress who favored it "doughfaces."

TOMMY—"What does it mean, Sissey, laying up something for a rainy day?" Sissey—"Don't know, Tommy; 'spec it means borrowing a friend's umbrella and never returning it."

EASTER FLOWERS.

Bring flowers, bright flowers,
On the glad Easter morn;
The chancel and altar
With their beauty adorn!
Their fragrance ascending
All the temple shall fill
Like cloudlets of incense
Floating softly and still.

The lily of Egypt
With its pure regal garb,
And rosebuds and pansies,
Shall we strew o'er the path
Where footstep of Jesus,
Coming forth from the tomb,
Shall 'mid their fresh gleam
Rob the grave of its gloom.

The Earth in her bosom
Her Creator once took;
And a thrill of great joy
All her strong pillars shook.
So ever at Easter
In grateful remembrance,
She offers fair flowers—
Of new life the semblance.

And as the sweet blossoms
From all climates are culled,
May Earth and her nations,
Their transgressions annulled,
All join in the anthem
To the Saviour arisen,
Whose echoes shall enter
Heaven's portals Elysian!

HIS FIVE MOTHERS.

Important to the Married—How an Exemplary Man Lived Happily With Five Mothers-in-Law.

(Sacram into Bee.)

Most husbands and wives, if we may credit all they say, find it difficult to live in the same house with a mother-in-law, but "old Sol B—" (as he was commonly called), of Boston, dwelt in peace and comfort for several years with five ladies bearing that relation to him.

When I first knew the old gentleman he appeared to be about fifty, but in reality sixty-eight, and had a charming wife, who was then twenty-six, and two lovely children, a boy and a girl, one seven and the other five. His other children by his first wife were all married, and some of his grandchildren were also married, and themselves had children older than Mr. B.'s two youngest.

On the first day of my visit at his pleasant home, not many miles from Boston, as I took my place at the dinner table with Mrs. B.—I was surprised to see five old ladies come into the room together and be introduced as follows: "My own mother, Mrs. B.—, senior; my next mother, Mrs. Henry; my third mother, Mrs. James; my fourth mother, Mrs. Williams; my fifth mother, Mrs. John."

"Mrs. B.—, senior," who seemed the youngest of the old ladies, laughed aloud at my look of consternation—a melodious voice for one of her years—and everyone smiled but Mr. B.—, who invoked the blessing with the usual air and led the table talk on in different topics. That evening in the parlor young Mrs. B.— gave us some music, and the old ladies retired one after the other, the "own mother" going last, when she was tenderly assisted upstairs by her own son. On his return Mr. B.— said to me with a smile of amusement:

"I see you are, as the ladies say, 'dying to know' what it all means. I purposely did not tell you that I have five mothers-in-laws, because I like to see the effect produced by my household on other people. You, for instance, live so differently, alone; how do we appear to you?"

"Harmonious and happy; but I have seen you together a very short time. What is your everyday experience?"

"Much the same; especially since my dear wife came into our household. I had all the dear old ladies when she arrived."

"But where did you get them all? they cannot all belong to you."

"Yes, every one of them. I have four mothers-in-law, and as my own mother is my wife's mother-in-law, of course that makes five mothers-in-law in our house. Now, as my wife is just going to her little one's nursery, I will tell you about my old ladies.

"When I married my first wife, her mother, who was a widow, came to live with us. She was a good creature, and had seen pretty hard times, having supported herself and her child by school teaching and sewing for several years, and she seemed to greatly enjoy my comfortable home—I was always a thriving man of business. So one day I said to her: 'Now mother, there is no reason why you shouldn't make your home with us always while you live; you can bring your own furniture, if you choose, or you need not; the room you now occupy shall be your own always, and besides what my wife may do, I will give you \$50 a year for your clothes (that was an ample sum for a woman to have all to herself in those times). You can teach if you wish to, or do any thing else to earn money if you wish to; you will always be welcome to our table and our parlor; or, if you prefer, you can cook for yourself in your own room. Only one thing I will exact in return, you must never make any mischief or quarrel with any one in my house about anything. And if sometimes you are displeased you must go to your own room and pour it out alone, and only join us again when you feel pleasant. For I won't be worried, and least of all will I have my wife worried by anybody. Now, mother what do you say?'"

"She only said you are a good man, Solomon B.—, and the almighty will reward you, and I thank you from my heart. I will do my part."

"So I never had any trouble with her. We all lived together twenty years, and then my wife had an attack of pneumonia and died—all Massachusetts women have weak lungs—and soon after my mother was left a widow and came to me. My mother is only sixteen years older than I am, and being so lively and smart she seems quite like a young sister to mother Henry, and they got on easily together. But after a while, when the children were all about grown, I got so lonesome that I coaxed a real nice sensible lady, of Philadelphia, not handsome, but just as good as gold, to marry me. I told her all about my old ladies and found that she had two mothers living with her, her own mother and her husband's mother. They had neither of them any property, but she owned a house, and took boarders in it to support them all."

"Well, I made the same proposition to her old ladies that I made to my mother-in-law, and they both agreed. Then I went home, and soon brought my second wife and her mothers here. We had

some occasional pouting at first, but I always held two points without yielding—I was the master in my own house, and I would never let anybody worry my wife. So pretty soon my four-in-hand learned to travel smoothly on all together."

"Ah, me! I looked forward to a happy old age with that dear wife, but alas! in two years she was killed by a railroad accident. I was with her on the train, and was badly hurt, lying for weeks in a state of unconsciousness. When I recovered, my dear wife's grave was green. I felt so bad and my health was so poor that I did not care for a woman again till all my children were married, and I was left alone with my four old ladies. Then I met a pretty little romantic widow, who was "so sorry for you!" she wrote poetry and painted pictures, and was dying all the while of consumption—that scourge of our city—and I thought as she had a struggle to take care of herself and her husband's mother, I could smooth her passage to the grave."

"So I married her and her mother—I mean—well, you know what I mean. I treated her mother-in-law just as I did the other old ladies, and that wife lived seven years after all. I made her so happy that she adored me, and we had the sweetest baby ever seen. Oh, what a lovely creature that child was—a little angel—she only lived three years, and then faded away. But I've several beautiful pictures of her, painted by her mother."

"And did you have any trouble with that mother-in-law?"

"Not while her daughter-in-law lived; she was always taking care of her sick child and grandchild. But when Emma was gone and all seemed quiet again, the old lady wanted to marry me!"

"What Emma's mother-in-law?"

"Yes, she was a handsome woman still, and she knew it; about my age and no relation whatever, so she set her cap at me."

"And that made a commotion in the house?"

"Well, yes. Yes, I never knew my mother to get into a real rage till then. She was mad! She told me to go right off and get a young wife—the younger the better! Then I got mad! I stormed away at my old ladies together; threatened to break up housekeeping and turn them out upon the world, away from the pleasant home which they had enjoyed so long that they really believed it to be theirs. Finally I declared that I would leave them in it to fight like Kilkenny cats, while I would live at a hotel in the city. And I kept my word. I lived at one hotel and another, but always went home on Saturday nights to go to church next morning as usual, so that the neighbors should not be gossiping about us."

"How good they were to me then! They lived together like a nest of kittens! But mother assured me that peace would not last long if I lived at home without a wife; so when I met a pretty little orphan girl, who had not a relative in the world, I told her all about my affairs, and the sweet creature, with tears of pity in her eyes, consented to marry me, and be good to my old ladies. And she kept her word, both in letter and spirit, and I am thankful that life has given me so many blessings!"

Just then young Mrs. B.— returned, and though I observed through the evening that her manner toward her husband was more that of a beloved and loving daughter than a wife, yet she appeared more serenely happy than any woman I remember ever to have seen.

This story is from life, excepting that I have changed all the names. Sol B.— has been dead some years; the wife he left was as just and manly as his other acts.

HYMN FOR THOSE AT SEA.

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath borne the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep,
Its own appointed limits keep,
O hear us, when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed the raging of the deep,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep,
O hear us, when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea.

O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid thy angry tumult cease,
And give for wild confusion peace,
O hear us, when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour,
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect us, whereso'er we go—
Thine evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

MAY AND DECEMBER.

No Incompatibility Like that Between Youth and Age.

(From the New York Times.)

Once upon a time, a man who had well-nigh reached the limit of human life, as given in scripture, married a young woman. This has happened so often that we should not say it was "once" upon a time if it were not that this peculiar case did only happen once. The old man married the young woman but once, and he would not have done this a second time, even if he had a million opportunities. He was fond and she was fair. His was a high official position, and hers was an humble station in the social scale. But she was comely, bright, virtuous and well-mannered. These rare traits to offset the education, fame, and official honor which the old man brought into the partnership. That she had not demeaned herself by working for her living all sensible people truly said. And he showed good judgment in wedding the woman of his choice, without reference to the difference in their social status. He had brushed aside the flimsy barriers which a false condition of society would have placed between them. There was not exactly a wooing of the king and Cophtua, for we have neither kings nor Cophtuas in this happy land. But it was, as everybody said, a happy union of two loving hearts, albeit one was fresh with life's young spring, and the other was closing under the chilly influences of the autumn of the year. Nevertheless, it was a pretty sight and women looked on with tender and fearful interest as the aged bridegroom vowed to love and cherish, while she, blushing celestial rosy-red, vowed to love, honor and obey. Many a high-bred damsel who looked

vainly from her casement for him who came not envied the modest maiden who gave her hand to the great man, and thus took the right to call him by one of the dearest names on earth. There was a gush of sentiment when the happy pair drove away in their coach-and-four; and society, for days afterwards, was agitated with discussions of the delightful affair. It was so romantic, so out of the common course of things, and altogether, very nice. Winged thoughts pursued them on their wedding tour, and many a feminine imagination pictured them in their bower of wedded bliss—in a first-class hotel—she all clinging tenderness, and reverent affection, and he all chivalric devotion. Other old men looked on and said, under their breath, "Lucky dog." And many a maid, left like an ungathered rose, wrung her hands, and, with Desdemona, wished that Heaven had made her such a match. So all went merrily as a marriage bell, for only marriage bells are merry.

In time, when people had well-nigh forgotten this wonderful social event, there came forth dark rumors of disagreement and jangling in the home of May and December. He loved the domestic fireside, as old men do. He dozed over his newspaper, or slumbered noisily with his handkerchief over his head, while she fretted and pouted, unadmired and neglected. Would she go out into the bright sunshine and open the petals of sweet young life in the sun-rays? He would rather stay indoors and mouse among musty, dusty law books and political correspondence. Then he grew jealous, for he rightly thought that a young woman, though a wife, might readily be attracted by a young man's winsome face, when the old man's face was often clouded. It was not in human nature for a bright and charming young woman to extinguish her light and sit down in the twilight of the aged. So they quarrelled—violently, even, and some gossips went so far as to say that he lost his temper and pinched her black and blue. For the honor of the much abused male sex let us believe that this is not true. But they did actually separate. After months of unhappiness and bickering she fulfilled that awful threat that many another married woman has fulfilled, and went home to her mother. Then the gossips wagged their head, and said, "I told you so." She said that she had borne his harshness, tyranny and unreasonable jealousy long enough. He said that she was a giddy, frivolous thing, running after wild young blades, and no fit mate for a sober and dignified middle-aged gentleman. Curiously enough, none of these reflections seems to have dropped into the minds of either before marriage. They both had thought they would be the first old husband and young wife who should live happily together. They had left nature out of their calculations.

This is an old story, as old as the time of Solomon. Men have fooled themselves in this sad fashion ever since the world began. And the unsympathetic part of mankind has ever remarked of the deluded one, "It serves him right." Somehow, most people make allowance for the delusion of age. The old man who marries a young wife honestly thinks that he will be a fond and devoted husband, and that she will be a faithful wife. They both agree that this is possible for them. And if she is dazzled by his high political and social position, she is doubly sure that her great reverence will be the guardian of their conjugal love. But even great men may be mean. A certain high and mighty senator, now no more, was wont to show a wrinkled front when his young wife wore pink ribbons in her hair, or call him by his Christian name. So when May shivered in the arms of December, and he pinched her (as they do say) black and blue, the riches and honor which he had brought into her life were gone. What is it to the fair young wife that her husband is famous or honored by the world if he "nags" her at home, keeps her tied to the leg of his library table, and occasionally lays his hand in violence upon her? She might have known better. Young though she was when she married him, she must have heard it said that there is no fool like an old fool. And he ought to have had sense enough to know that a man verging on three-score years and ten is no fitting mate for a young girl. We hear much nowadays of that incompatibility of taste and temper which rives the marriage bond. But there is no incompatibility like that which nature has placed between youth and age. The mature man, for this side of senility, inwardly frets to see his son, just budding into manhood, thirsty for the pleasures which he finds in gay society. He sighs to think that his golden-haired boy has grown away from his side and does not find his highest happiness by his father's knee. He may even regard with a pang of jealousy the youngster's inevitable gravitation into the society of frivolous young ladies. And yet there are old men who, failing to see that the pleasures and pursuits of the young and the old do not move in the same grooves, delude themselves with the fancy that one can take to himself as a partner for life a young woman in whose delights he cannot have any considerable share. He has exhausted life. She has not begun to live hers. He knows that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. She has heard this, but she must prove it for herself. He is the ripe fruit that suns itself on the autumnal bough before it drops into the hand of the harvester. She is the delicate blossom just expanding in the air of spring. The people who say that these should be brought and kept together, would violate the laws of nature which have put May and December wider than the poles apart.

TO PAPER WHITEWASHED WALLS.—Make flour starch, as you would for starching calicoes, and apply it to the wall with a whitewash brush. Let it become dry; then, when ready to put on the paper, again go over the wall with the starch, also the paper, and apply. Walls may be papered in this way which have been whitewashed for years in succession. Alum is one of the best additions to whitewash to prevent its rubbing off. Smoky walls may be improved by adding plenty of indigo to the water before mixing in the lime and other ingredients.

"Put no fulsome compliments on my tombstone," said a wag. "Don't give me any epi-taphy."

BRIEF MISCELLANY.

OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

Legend of the Ground Hog.
A ground hog climbed up to the mouth of his hole just to take a peep at the weather. And right careful was he not to venture too far. For he said "I've some foes, and I know who they are!"
But he thought he would like to know whether the long, cheerless winter was certainly over, or whether 'twould linger for six weeks or more.
He peeped shyly out—"twas a dull, cloudy day, and the prospect was dismal and gloomy; but it suited him well, for he boiled right out. And the way that he frolicked and gambled about showed a liking for places more roomy than the close and contracted, though snug little hole.
In which he'd been sleeping as blind as a mole.
What a queer look he had! You'd have thought so, I'm sure.
Out of four little paws, you'd have noted but three that were black, for the fourth was as white as could be.
While his fur was of mixed gray and yellow; and right lanky was he with a famishing maw. For he couldn't eat dirt and he wouldn't eat straw!
He rose with an appetite, doubtless you'll think "twas exactly the way of thinking; so he made up his mind that he'd soon have his fill.
To a garden hard by started off with a will. And the night that he sawed him thinking, for a peep at the stars to his taste there he found in the winter spirit scattered all over the ground.
He had only just taken a nibble or two when he noticed a chill wind blowing; and lo, and behold! he could scarce trust his eyes, for a clear azure streak showed in the skies. And soon the bright sun, too, was showing; his shadow he saw, and with piteous dole he cried, "Oat too soon! I must back to my hole!"
—And for six weeks thereafter 'twas snowing!
—Wm. M. Peppin, in St. Nicholas.

City Boys' Chances.

Can anything be done to give boys in the city a better chance?
Yes; there are some things that can be done, and that must be done. Our system of education must be modified so as to provide industrial as well as mental training. The education of the hands, the education of the eye, the education of the judgment, the education of the will, that a boy gets by learning to work, are of more consequence to him in future life than arithmetic and geography and grammar. These last are of great importance, but those first are of greater importance; and it is a poor system of education that makes no provision for them.
It is habits rather than methods of industry, however, that you need to learn; and many of you find some opportunities of learning these about your own homes, if you will look for them. There is considerable work of one kind or another that boys can do—that some boys do—in connection with the house or the garden or the grounds; and, if you will shoulder this, and do it well and faithfully, the exercise and the training will be very profitable to you, and may be very helpful to your parents.
Furthermore, there is plenty of chance for you to do faithful, mental work.
To begin with, there is your every-day school-work, to which some of you might give a good deal more time, with great profit; if you will take the studies that you like least, and go at them with the determination to master them; if you will put yourselves right down to the disagreeable parts of your school work with steady patience, and hold yourselves to them till they are thoroughly done, you will get in such victories as these a discipline of will that is almost as good as you would get in hoeing a stony potato-field. Beside, there are lines of reading or of study that you could take up in connection with your school work in which you would find the best kind of discipline. If the boy who now spends almost all his afternoons in the park, or visiting boy friends, and almost all his evenings at his club, or at the music hall, and who fills in the intervals of leisure with Fireside Library stories, will make up his mind to give at least two solid hours of every day to the reading of some instructive book—doing it of his own accord, doing it thoroughly, not fooling around with the book in his hand, but holding his attention right to it, whether he is specially interested in it or not, till he comprehends it and fixes it in his mind—that will prove to him a most valuable training. The boy who can do a thing like this can make a man of himself. He is not the chap to be elbowed off the track by country boys, nor by anybody else.
Of course you ought to have a chance to play. A boy likes to play, and a school-boy needs to play. I should wish my boys to have at least two hours every day of good, wholesome, vigorous out-door sport; so much as that would not hurt them, I am sure—though that is a great deal more than I had. But I am equally sure that all those city boys who really expect to hold their own in the great competition of the world must give less time to idleness and play and foolish reading, and put their minds and their wills in training for the serious work of life.—Washington Gladden, in St. Nicholas.

A Funny Sleigh-Race.

It was five miles from our reservation, where we lived among the Indians, to a town from which we received our supplies.
One bright, cold day in the early winter, it was found necessary to send to town, and, as the sleighing was good, I begged the privilege of going. Frank, an Indian boy living in our family, was to be my attendant.
"I'll take you there and back before noon, Miss Mary," he said, as he drove up to the door.
I took my seat in the little clumsy sled which the men called a "Tom Pung," but which Frank, in his broken way, called "Tommy's Plung."
"Me take old Hoosier. He go quick," said Frank. "You no be 'fraid; me hold him."
Away went Hoosier like the wind. I soon saw that Frank could guide, but could not hold him. I became alarmed. Frank tugged away at the reins, saying: "Me hold him. Me hold him."
At length we were stopped by a tree that had fallen across the road. We made our way, with much difficulty around the tree, and Frank climbed upon Hoosier's back. "Me ride here," he said. "Then me make him stop."
A little way further on there was a steep hill. Hoosier climbed the hill briskly, but, just as we reached the top, the boy slipped from the runners, and I was left sitting upon the seat, nicely

wrapped in the buffalo robe; and Hoosier, Frank, runners and all, were leaving me.

Just at this moment several dogs rushed out from a wigwag by the roadside, and, by their loud barking, frightened Hoosier, and prevented Frank from noticing that he had lost a part of his load, and from hearing my voice as I called after him. A turn in the road a little further on made me lose sight of him. Several Indians now came out from the wigwag, and their loud "ha, ha," added not a little to my vexation. They finally asked me to go into the wigwag for "ta-kotch" (warmth), but I declined, thinking Frank would soon return.

I had not long to wait before back he came with the rest of the sleigh. The Indians kindly aided in securing the box to the runners, and we reached the town in safety.

Frank warmed himself while I was making my purchases, but he had become so chilled on his way to town that he suffered with the cold when we were returning.

"I'm heap cold, but my boss toes" (big toes, "ache the worst," he said, whenever I questioned him).

We reached home with no other misfortune than the delay in going, and the trouble with Frank's "boss toes" when returning.—Mary Montreal, in Youth's Companion.

A Plea for Tobacco-Smoking.

Smoking is essentially an American taste. It is in harmony with our climate and our habits. It resists the blues and it stimulates reflection. We pride ourselves on our reflective qualities. These qualities can never receive justice so complete as at the hands of the tobacco-smoker. Smoking collects the thoughts, combines ideas, quietly lays down phrases in logical order. It invests poetic fancy with a great halo, and incubates invention in its genial exhalations. As the magicians of old burnt herbs, and produced from their vapors an image of magic beauty, a scene of the future, or the eidolon of a distant present, so does this necromantic herb of modern days, with its weird powers, support the exertions of genius, evolve thoughts from eminent minds, and silently co-operate in great labors. From all times smoking is said to have existed in one shape or another. On the carvings from Nineveh a man may be seen enjoying an instrument very like a pipe; and the prevalence of the practice in different regions forbids the assumption of a common origin. Narcotics are secondary necessities of human life. Tobacco, opium or betel nut supply this want to the different races of man. Civilization adheres to tobacco as a middle course. Among its uses, smoking is the most creditable. Snuffing or chewing are as ignoble as they are dirty. Fire, the great purifier, redeems the smoker from the less pleasant forms of his pursuit.—Exchange.

Standing Treat.

The social habit of drinking at bars, where each member of a party, having been "treated" by another, considers it necessary to treat every other member, has attracted the attention of law-makers. This habit of standing treat is the cause of more physical and mental discomfort than every other convivial custom combined; a respectable man who feels the need of a glass of wine or spirits—and there are hundreds of thousands of such men, in spite of all that the temperance people say to the contrary—approaches a bar, and finds, perhaps, several acquaintances who are drinking, and who invite him to join them. When he has done so, and drank all he came for, his spirit of independence prompts him to return the invitation, which is accepted by the others, because it would seem discourteous to refuse; then those who have been treated make haste to return the compliment for fear of seeming mean, and the end is that four or five men, each of whom came for a single glass of liquor, retire with several times as much as they needed or wanted. A sillier habit does not exist among sensible men. If a man's reputation is so feeble that its existence depends upon the price of several glasses of liquor that nobody wants, it is not worth saving. The man who has not the moral courage to drink what he wants, and only that, gets far more injury than benefit from his potations.—New York Herald.

How They Do Things in Arkansas.

"If you want a good item," said Jim Johnson to a reporter, "I can tell you of a funny occurrence that happened at Hot Springs last summer while I was there. Mayor Linde, of Hot Springs, had been blackguarded by the editor of a paper there until he couldn't stand it any longer, so, according to the custom of the country, he went out gunning one day. He brought down two bystanders before he bagged his game, the editor, whom he shot in the leg. None of them died, I believe. Then he went on a spree, and, having full charge of the police and the station-house, he turned out all the prisoners in the station, a lot of horse-thieves and murderers. The next morning he fined himself \$10 for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. In the course of time he was indicted for the shooting. He got a change of venue on the ground that he couldn't get justice in that county. His trial came off in another county. He was fined a fine and costs amounting to \$95. He had forty witnesses subpoenaed. Their fees amounted to \$5 each—\$200. They lumped their fees and gave them to Linde. He paid the \$95 and pocketed \$105, and went home happy."
That's the way they do things in Arkansas.—Cincinnati Commercial.

Go Slow.

An old Boston merchant recently remarked:
"I've stood here on State street for forty years, and I have seen men accumulate fortunes by speculation, and I've seen these fortunes disappear. I have seen men go up in worldly wealth, and go down, and I've always noticed that those persons who were content with slow gains and 6 per cent. interest came out ahead in the long run."
The result of the old merchant's observations is abundantly confirmed by

the history of the trade and finance of every commercial city in the world. Strict adherence to the honorable and legitimate methods of business—sometimes slow, but always sure—is the secret of the solidity attained by almost every man of wealth who has accumulated a fortune in business and kept it.

A Cat and a Rattlesnake.

I was walking in my garden one morning, thinking about preparing for an early start for spring vegetables, when I saw a large rattlesnake sunning. My first impulse was to go to the house, get a gun, and kill it. But, looking around, I saw a very large house cat cautiously creeping upon the reptile. Anticipating a fight, and equally desirous of getting rid of the cat, which killed chickens, I concluded to witness his attack upon the snake. The cat crawled upon its stomach, pulling along on its feet, whisking its tail from side to side, and every now and then stretching its neck to view the snake. When about ten or twelve feet off the snake suddenly coiled up, sprung its rattle, faced the cat, and darted its forked tongue out rapidly. The cat commenced a rapid circle around the snake, so fast in fact that the eye could hardly keep up with it. At last it got near enough and made a dart at its enemy, but, through providential reasons, it went high above the snake, which also struck at the cat, thus breaking its coil. The cat went too far, and by the time it had turned to face its foe, the reptile was again coiled and ready for the attack. The same method was adopted and carried on four or five times, occupying at least half an hour. The cat wished to catch the snake, but seemed aware that if it missed the neck it would be certain death. At the sixth assault they met, and instantly the snake was wrapped in several folds around the body of the cat, which used its sharp claws with deadly effect. The cat had been bitten on the head and neck several times, and both continued to fight. The snake was torn nearly to shreds, but did not unloose its coil around its victim. The poison was swift and deadly, but before the cat died it caught the snake's head in its mouth and crushed it, and fighting they died, the snake unwrapping the cat in its coils. The snake measured four feet eight inches, and had thirteen rattles.—Americus (Ga.) Republican.

God Behind Nature.

What accounts for the variety of forms in nature? Some scientists say, the laws of nature. But these laws are merely the methods by which nature works. And the question is still asked, why does nature work by these methods to produce such variety of forms? The following anecdotes, quoted by Joseph Cook, suggest the true answer:

Kepler, the astronomer, was one day called by his wife, from his study of natural forces, to dinner, and a salad was laid on the table.

"Dost thou think," said he to his spouse, "that if leaves of lettuce and drops of oil and vinegar and fragments of hard-boiled eggs had been in circulation from eternity in chaos, that chance could have assembled them today to form a salad?"

"Not as good a one as this," said his wife, "nor as well seasoned."

Abbe Gallani, in Paris, once met a company of atheists in Baron d'Holbach's parlor.

"Now suppose, gentlemen," said he, "that the one among you who is most fully convinced that the world is the effect of chance, is playing with three dice. I do not say in a gambling house, but in the best house in Paris."

"His antagonist throws sixes, once, twice, three, four times, in a word, constantly. My friend Diderot will say, without a moment's doubt, that the dice are loaded."

"But seeing in this universe so prodigious a number of combinations, a thousand times more complicated, and complicated more usefully, you do not suspect that the dice of nature are loaded."
ARKING BEDS.—The German usage of eider-down coverlets is not recommended. Though warm and light, "it is insidious in its action," says a leading authority, "and in case of invalids should be watched, for it is apt to throw the sleeper into a violent perspiration." It would seem almost unnecessary to advise the airing of beds, as all good housewives are supposed to have it done; still, as it is something which depends entirely upon servants, it is safe to say that this, the most important point in regard to health, is often neglected. No one ever possibly would think of washing his face in the same water twice, unless there was no more water, but it is quite as disgusting, and much worse for health, for a person to sleep twice in a bed which has been fully imbued with the effluvia of his body. Air and light are the great purifiers, and the work in a bed-chamber is worse than neglected when beds, pillows, coverings and mattresses are not thoroughly aired.

The Noble Red Man.

"Woodworker," an Indian chief, says he has never seen a gray-haired Indian in his life, and he has seen some over 90 years old. It is because an Indian has no trouble, no worryment, or anything that way. His wife chops all the wood, builds the fire, goes to market at daylight, stokes the tramps out of the front yard, and blacks his boots. And he is not tormented by tax collectors, gas-bills and lightning-rod peddlers. Let an Indian start a twenty-four column daily paper in a six-column town, to fill a long-felt want, and his hair would turn gray in one night.

HYDROPHOBIA.—Mr. Galtier, a learned professor at Lyons, has been inoculating rabbits with the virus of mad dogs, in order to find whether the malarial will yield to any treatment he may devise, but has not been successful. The madness shows itself in the rabbit in about three weeks. M. Galtier finds that the virus of a mad dog will be as powerful, when preserved in water, twenty-four hours afterward, as it was at first.

If Samson had but possessed the shrewdness of a bald-headed man, he never would have suffered shame and defeat by having his hair cut.

WHAT MAKES THE MAN.

Not numerous years, nor lengthened life, Nor pretty children and a wife; Nor pins and chains and fancy rings, Nor any such trash and trumpery things; Nor pipe, cigar, nor bottle of wine, Nor liberty with kings to dine; Nor coat, nor boots, nor yet a hat, A dandy vest or trim cravat; Nor house and lands nor gold and galore, Nor all the world's wealth laid in store; Nor Mister Knickerbocker, Sir, nor Squire With titles that the man of fortune bore; Nor ancestry traced back to Will Who went from Normandy to kill; Nor Latin, Greek, nor Hebrew lore, Nor thousand volumes rambling o'er; Nor judge's robe, nor mayor's mace, Nor crowns that deck the royal race; These, all united never can make a man, Avail to make a single man!

A truthful soul, a loving mind Full of affection for his kind; A helper of the human race, A soul of beauty and of grace; A spirit firm, erect and free, That never basely bends the knee That will not bear a feather's weight Of slavery's chain for small or great; That truly speaks of God within; And never makes a league with sin; That loves the truth for its own sake; That trembles at no tyrant's nod; A soul that fears no one but God And calmly smiles at curse and ban— That is the soul that makes the man.

THE LATE DUKE OF PORTLAND

The Eccentric Ways and Enormous Fortune of the Owner of Welbeck.

[London Truth]
The late Duke of Portland's real estate was (roughly) as follows: His Welbeck property was worth £55,000 per annum, and he derived £10,000 per annum from the royalties on a coal pit. This property, contains coal which, it worked, would bring in, on an estimate made a few years ago, above £100,000 per annum. Besides this a portion of it, which is now let for agricultural purposes, is close by Nottingham, and might be let on building leases. His Northumberland property was worth £12,000 per annum. A great portion of this was derived from what is locally called "way leaves" that is to say, tolls for the right of hauling coal over roads. In Caithness he had property worth £8,000 per annum. He had originally bought an estate there for £90,000, and he had by subsequent purchases in the same county, expended as much more. He had a lease of his house in Cavendish Square which has still about fifty years to run. In London his freehold property was worth about £100,000 per annum, and in Ayrshire he possessed estates worth £60,000 per annum. Besides this he had about £1,000,000 invested in good securities, and there was £110,000 at his bankers when he died.

By the will of his grandfather, General Scott, the London freehold property passes to the three sisters of the duke—Lady Ossulton, Lady Harriet Bentinck and Lady Howard de Walden. Of these three ladies the latter only has children, and, on their death, the whole will pass to Lord Howard de Walden. All the rest of the property, real and personal, with the exception of the balance at the bankers, goes under a stringent entail and settlement.

The Bentincks, of the generation to which the Duke of Portland belonged, had many peculiarities; they were seldom on good terms with each other. A good many years ago, a gentleman went on a visit to Welbeck. All the other guests were relations. At dinner-time, on the day of his arrival, each relation talked to him, and to no one else. He could not understand the meaning of this until the next day, when he discovered that not one of them were on speaking terms with each other.

The late Duke was a fine, handsome old man, and his mania for the existence of a recluse was not due, as used to be asserted during his lifetime, to any physical cause. Except that he frequently suffered from boils, he seems to have been in the main healthy. But this mania grew upon him. At Welbeck he was attended almost solely by a servant who had long been in his employ. He died of a general sinking of the system, but even to the last he would not allow his doctor to enter his room. In his way he was generous. A little time ago he told a forester to meet him on a certain day in a plantation. The forester said that his daughter was to be married on that day, and asked him whether the next day would do as well? No, he must come on that day. On finding himself, according to appointment, with the Duke in the plantation, he received a check of £1,000 as a marriage present for his daughter. On another occasion, one of his tenants, a widow, who held a farm rented at £600 per annum, wrote to implore him to give her time to pay her rent. No, she must pay it to the hour. This she did, and the next day it was returned to her.

Of his subterranean borings many stories are told. His subterranean chapel felt in a year ago, but it appears that he had also built himself a house above ground in his park, in the style of a French chateau. On his Caithness property he determined, two years ago, to build a house. Workmen were sent from Welbeck. The house, which is entirely built of concrete, was not completed on his death. The Duke had a passion for precious stones and for ancient bindings of books. He has left a very valuable collection both of jewels and books.

The present Duke pleased every one at the funeral by his tact and good feelings. He is a tall, manly-looking youth, and is very popular with his brother officers. A few years ago he wrote to the Duke to ask him what to do. The Duke replied by making him an allowance of £6,000 per annum, two-thirds of which he gave to his stepmother. A little time afterward he caused it to be communicated to the Duke that, as he had never seen him, he would be glad to pay his respects to him. The Duke replied that he need not trouble himself.

DESERT OF SAHARA.—Lieut. Seaton, U. S. N., attributes the origin of the Desert of Sahara to the destruction of the forests with which the banks of the Saharan streams were once lined. The inhabitants, being a pastoral people, destroyed the forests to secure pastureage. "Consequent upon the destruction of the forests, the periodical rains were replaced by short, though violent, storms, the waters from which, instead of soaking in, as in the past ages, slipped by on the rocky masses, carrying away the rich surface-mold, and bringing about the drying of the springs, and, as a direct consequence, of the rivers."

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H. E. SARGENT, General Manager.

G. G. SANBORN, General Manager, St. Paul.
Gen'l Frt and Ticket Agt., Superintendent, Brainerd.

General Manager.

H. E. SARGENT, General Manager, St. Paul.
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Gen'l Frt and Ticket Agt., Superintendent, Brainerd.

LESSON OF THE PAPER MILL.

Once a Queen—so runs my story—
Seeking far for some thing new,
Found it in a mill, where strangely,
Naught but rags repaid her view.

Rags from out the very gutters,
Rags of every shape and hue;
While the squalid children picking,
Seem'd but rags from hair to shoe.

"What then," rang her eager question,
"Can you do with things so vile?"
"Would them into perfect whiteness,"
Said the master with a smile.

"Whiteness," quoth the Queen, half doubt-
ing;
"But these reddest crimson dyes,
Surely laugh at can never whiten
These to fitness in your eyes?"

"Yes," said he, "though these are colors
Hardest to remove of all;
Still I have the power to make them
Like the spowdake in its fall."

(Through my heart the words so simple,
Throbbed with echo, in and out;
Crimson, scarlet, white as snowflakes!
Can this man?—and can God not?)

Now upon a day thereafter,
(Thus the tale went on at will)
To the Queen there came a present
From the master at the mill.

Fold on fold of fairest texture,
Lay the paper purest white;
On each sheet there gleamed the letters
Of her name in golden light.

"Precious lesson," wrote the master,
"Hath my mill thus given me—
Showing how our Christ can gather
Vilest hearts from land or sea.

In some heavenly Alembic,
Snowy white from crimson bring;
Stamp His name on each and bear them
To the palace of the King."

THE BROKEN BOAT.

BY YAVIENNE.

"It is too bad," said Alice Ford, with a quiver of her scarlet lower lip.

"It is what might be expected," said Mrs. Ford, sitting serenely at the breakfast table, "when a girl will flirt with two gentlemen at once."

"But I haven't flirted," said Alice, ready to cry.

"I don't know what else you can call it," said Mrs. Ford. "Will you have another cup of tea, Alice?"

"Tea!" flashed out the girl; "as if one could drink tea when one's heart is breaking! Oh, Aunt, if Mr. Errett were a gentleman he would release me from this galling engagement."

"You promised him, my dear?" said Mrs. Ford.

"Yes, but I hadn't met Arthur Kelham then, and I have written to Mr. Errett, and implored him to release me from this hateful bond," cried poor Alice. "I have told him that since our engagement—an engagement that was your doing, aunt—"

"I know it," said Mrs. Ford, "and I am proud of it."

"That since that engagement," went on Alice, "I have discovered that my heart is not my own; and he has written back that he sees no necessity for altering the original state of things, and that if it is agreeable to me—agreeable indeed!—the wedding may still take place on the 6th of October. Horrible, cold-hearted, calculating old—"

"Good-morning, ladies; I hope I see you well!"

And Alice's tirade was unexpectedly cut short by the apparition of Mr. Bartholomew Errett. She had scarcely uttered a disjointed word or two of greeting when the maid opened an opposite door and announced:

"Please, Miss Alice, Mr. Kelham."

And Arthur Kelham came in, young, handsome and debonnaire as unlike his mature rival as is blooming May to ripened September. Mr. Errett put up his eye-glass at Arthur Kelham, and Arthur Kelham stared Mr. Errett full in the face with well-bred amazement.

"Sir," said Mr. Errett, "I am at a loss to imagine what brings you here!"

"Sir," retorted Kelham, "I suppose I have as good a right to visit my friends as you have to call on yours!"

"You mistake," said Mr. Errett; "I am engaged to Miss Ford."

"Do you mean to say," retorted Kelham, hotly, "that you would marry the girl against her will? Why you might as well be a Turkish slave-driver at once!"

"Sir," gasped Bartholomew Errett, turning a livid pallor, "I am at a loss to conceive what business all this is of yours!"

Alice stepped between them.

"You shall not quarrel about me," said she, with a dignity that would scarcely have been expected from one so small and slight. "Arthur, I have carved out my own destiny and must abide by it. Mr. Errett, I beg you to remember that you are before ladies!"

"Am I to stand here and see you insulted?" demanded Kelham, with flushed brow.

"I have promised to be his wife and until he himself absolves me from my word, I have no power to assert my freedom."

"Do you then bid me to go?"

"Yes," the girl answered almost inaudibly.

And Arthur Kelham turned and left the field in triumphant possession of Mr. Bartholomew Errett.

"Mr. Errett!"

"En!" said the middle-aged swimmer; "is it you, Kelham? Boating, eh?"

"Yes. Do you think it's quite safe for you to be here, so far from land? You are not afraid of the shark, then?"

"Of the shark?" said Mr. Errett.

"Haven't you heard? There has been a shark along this shore since yesterday; and, by Jingo! I believe he is there now. Don't you see something that shines white through the spray?"

Mr. Errett reared himself up in the water like a new species of sea-serpent.

"Good Heavens!" said he, "there is something like a shark there. Why didn't they tell me? Why did they allow me—"

"I wouldn't be nervous," said Kelham, coolly. "Perhaps he don't see you."

"See me? Why, those fellows can scent human flesh a mile off! I should have been a dead man in ten minutes if you hadn't come along."

And he began to paddle ingloriously toward the little boat in which Arthur Kelham was sitting.

"Hallo!" said Kelham, putting an oar's length between himself and the swimmer, "what are you about?"

"I'm going to get into your boat, to be sure."

"Are you, though?" said Kelham;

"there may be two opinions concerning that."

"En!"

"What should I take you back to land for?" demanded Kelham; "if the sharks eat you up I am all right with Alice."

"Man alive!" gasped Mr. Errett, "you wouldn't leave me to die a horrible death, would you?"

"If I remember," coolly remarked Arthur Kelham, "you hadn't much mercy on me."

"That was different."

"I don't see how," with another stroke of the oars, just as Errett was about to clutch at the side of the boat.

"Don't hurry—now don't."

"I say, Kelham, look here," cried Errett, with a scared glance over his right shoulder towards the suspicious looking white object. "Hold on, I say."

"Well," said Kelham.

"I—I can't so very particular about that girl. Hold on."

He was beginning to lose breath in the battle with the waves, and said:

"If you really insist—"

"Oh, I don't insist. I don't care to peril Mrs. Ford's fortune by getting Alice into disgrace with her. I must have a voluntary cession of your rights or none at all."

"It—it shall be voluntary," cried Mr. Errett, with chattering teeth. "I'll tell the old lady I've changed my mind. I'll make any statement you wish; only save my life."

"I have your word of honor?" said Kelham.

"My word of honor," said Errett.

"Jump in, then."

And Bartholomew Errett scrambled, more dead than alive, into the other's boat, and was pulled to the shore.

"I'll just leave you here on the beach till your man comes," said Kelham, half laughing at Mr. Errett's doleful appearance. "I see his boat now rounding the point. Good afternoon, I sincerely hope you will take no cold."

When Philip Gaul pulled up on the shingly sand his employer hailed him with opprobrious epithets.

"You villain!" cried Errett, "why didn't you tell me of the shark?"

"Of the what, master?" demanded old Gaul, scratching his grizzled head.

"Of the shark; you can see him now when the sun strikes the point. Good heaven! to think of the great peril I have run!"

"Look, master," said Gaul, his hard features relaxing into a grin; "that ain't no shark. That's Boon's broken boat, stranded there on a bit of reef. I could show it to you plain if I only had my spy-glass."

Mr. Errett's lower jaw fell.

"Are you sure?" said he.

"Quite sure, master. I seen it as I come by this morning. Sharks, indeed! There ain't never no sharks about here."

Mr. Errett resumed his garments in silence, feeling that he had been out-generaled by his enterprising rival.

"But after all, said he to himself, 'if the girl don't like me—Gaul, look here. How much do I owe you?—because I shall not need your boat any more.'"

"Going away from here?" asked the astounded sailor.

"Yes," was the reply.

And so Mr. Errett left the coast clear for Arthur Kelham, to Alice's infinite delight.

"Wasn't it good of him, dear?" said she to her lover.

"Very," said Arthur.

But he kept his own counsel about the shark and how he had out-generaled Bartholomew Errett.

Bet His Hand.

The Franklin (Mass.) Register tells this little story: A few evenings since a party was given at the house of one of our prominent citizens. One of the guests was a most charming and accomplished lady, who had worn the weeds of widowhood two years; another was a gentleman but recently come to our town—a native of Hartford, Conn. The amusements of the evening were varied and thoroughly enjoyable; but the chief attraction proved by a delightful event to be the game of bassino. Several had tried their skill at the board, with varied fortunes, when the gentleman and the lady referred to approached the table, and the gentleman suggested to his partner that they should try their skill at the pins. The challenge was accepted, and the lady proposed that they play for a wager. The gentleman gallantly assented, and asked her to name the stake. Seeing her confusion the host jokingly said:

"His hand against yours!"

The lady demurred and was turning to leave the table, when the gentleman, after a moment's thought, said:

"My hand for yours, if I win, or at your disposal for any young lady of respectability (her consent being first obtained) if I lose."

A proposition so gallant the lady could not resist, for the gentleman was a prize whoever might win him. Excitement now ran high—all other amusements being suspended as the company gathered around the bassino board. The lady was reputed skillful with the mace, but the gentleman knew nothing about the game, yet possessed an admirable coolness, which was almost an offset for inexperience. The lady led off, getting a "king strike," and the gentleman followed, missing little bassino, and making a "muff" with the third ball. A laughing sensation was indulged in when the score for the first play was announced—"lady, 45 and a bassino spare; gentleman, minus 18." Nothing daunted, S— continued the play followed with equal spirit by the fair antagonist, after the seventh play, when the score stood—"gentleman, 215, lady, 164." The excitement among the guests was now intense, and the lady flushed and trembling, played very badly her last three plays, losing heavily. At the close of the tenth and last play the score stood—"lady, 238, gentleman 385,"—said to be the best score ever made in town. A decorous applause followed the announcement; and the lady covered with confusion, scarce had presence of mind enough to acknowledge the low bow of S—, who murmured a few sentences expressive of joy. The hostess now advanced, took the feebly-resisting hand of the fair widow, and placed it in that of the winning gentleman. And we hear that the latter ceremony is to be repeated with more solemnity, some few months hence, due notice of which will be published in the Register. The mace used, S— begged of his host, saying that he would

treasure it carefully, for a perpetual reminder of that happy evening.

Why a Chicago Editor Changed His Quarters.

At the outset of this enterprise, and before we got comfortably settled in our present cozy office, the editor of this paper hired desk room from a young business man, who is occupied in a similar pursuit. One afternoon, the day after publication, we noticed on entering the office that our young friend, who is of slender build, was applying a piece of raw beefsteak to his left eye, while a surgeon was doing up a wound on the top of his head.

"What's been the matter?" we inquired innocently, pulling off our gloves and preparing for work; "had a fall?"

No reply was made to this polite inquiry, but a little while after we were interrupted in the middle of a pungent paragraph with the remark, "See here!"

Looking in the direction of the voice we saw the young man in a fearfully exhausted condition, and evidently suffering extreme pain from bruises all over his frame.

"See here," he said in a feeble voice, "I've stood this long enough. I can't stand it any longer. There's the amount you paid me in advance for your desk room, and I am willing to double it if you will promise me to clear out of this office."

"This is a very extraordinary request to make," said we, "and it seems to imply—"

"Never mind what it implies," said he, "I mean to imply that this sort of thing has got to be stopped. There have been three men in here, one after another, within an hour. The first man that came in never stopped to ask a question, but took me by the throat and shook me around as if I had been a rat. I thought all my bones were rattled out of my skin. He went away swearing. About ten minutes after another man came in with a big cane in his fist. He struck me a blow over the head, just where you see this plaster, and felled me to the floor. That was the last I saw of him. I sent for the doctor here, and he began to dress the wound, when a third party came in and asked for the editor of the Free Lance. I told him I didn't know anything about the Free Lance."

"You are a liar," he said, "a mean, contemptible liar, and you needn't try to prevaricate. Take that!"

"That" meant a sounding blow on the left eye which sent me reeling away to the other end of the room.

"Now, see here," said our young friend, "I ask you for the love of God to go somewhere else, and I will pay you a good bonus. There is a man with a gunpowder patent wants to hire that desk room of yours, and I'd rather let him have it. I'll take my chances on him."

The above conversation explains itself and accounts for the removal of our editorial department to a more convenient location.—Chicago Free Lance.

Finding Drowned People.

"An Old Folk-Lorist" writes: The remarkable incident of the discovery of the body of a child drowned in the river Kennet, at Newbury, in 1877, by means of a two-penny loaf with a quantity of quicksilver put into it, was quoted by one of our contemporaries some twenty years ago, and then elicited many curious proofs of the existence of similar practices with analogous successful results, and with—what is not always the case—a satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon. Sir James Alexander, in his account of Canada, after stating that the Indians believe that a drowned body may be discovered by floating a piece of cedar wood, which will stop and turn round over the exact spot, mentions an instance which occurred within his own knowledge, where the body of a person who was drowned by the oversetting of his boat near Cedar island "could not be discovered until this experiment was resorted to."

But something more remarkable was stated by an eminent clergyman, happily still living, who mentioned that, many years before, a boy who had lately come to Eton imprudently bathed in the Thames where it flows with great rapidity under "the playing fields," and was carried off of his depth and drowned. All efforts to recover the body failed till one of the masters threw a cricket-bat into the stream, which floated to a spot, where it turned round in an eddy in a deep hole, under which the body was found. There were, I think, other instances, but these elicited from some intelligent correspondents the simple and natural explanation of the phenomenon. There are in all running streams deep pools formed by eddies, in which, drowned bodies are likely to be caught and retained. Any light substance thrown into the stream would naturally be drawn to the surface of the river over the center of the eddy-hole.—Pall Mall Gazette.

That "Jokin" Miller Book.

A rural gentleman, with a head like a juvenile straw-stick, surmounted by an ancient sloth hat, ambled into a Cleveland book-store, and, approaching a clerk, smiled and inquired: "I say, young feller, what's the price of that air Jokin Miller book that I seen in yer front window?" The clerk produced a copy of Joquin Miller's poems, and replied, "One dollar and a half, sir."

"All right," said the knight of the sloth hat; "let's have a look at him." He took the book and commenced turning it over. "I ain't seen this book for a good many years, but I tell you I kin well remember the side-splitting in it. Cy Higgins used to read 'em loud to us fellows at the corner store. Dollar'n a half, you say. I'll take it. But hold on, stranger, this here looks like melike poetry." The astonished clerk replied: "Why, it is poetry; these are the poems of Joquin Miller." "Walt in Miller," ejaculated the ruralist; "who in thunder is he? Ain't this Jokin Miller's book—old Jo Miller's—the funny man's, eh? No? Well, great snakes, then I don't want it! What could I do with a lot of poetry trash—git out! I think I see myself a reading it!" And he stalked moodily out.

WHEN you get ready to draw up your will, the following, which is the usual form, will be found of use: "In the name of God. Amen! I, A. B., of the town of —, in the county of — and State of —, of the age of — years, and being of sound mind and memory, do make, publish and declare this my last will and testament, in manner following, that is to say: 1. I give and bequeath to my wife, E. B., etc. 2. I give and devise to my son, C. B., etc. 3. I give and devise the rest, residue and remainder, etc., etc. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this — day of —, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and — A. B. [L. S.] All wills (except those of personal property to the value of \$300) must be in writing, witnessed by two competent witnesses, and signed by the testator, or by some person in his presence, and by his express direction.

The superstition of the horsehoes is thus explained: It was a very ancient custom to "protect" dwellings, temples and shops by an image of the patron saint. The "glory" around the painted or carved head of the figure was represented by a bright metal halo, called a monieus. This resembled a horse-shoe, and often remained after the image had faded or become broken. Hence a piece of metal of this shape became associated in the common mind with supernatural presence and care, and was often nailed to the sides or over the portals of the door or gateway. A horsehoe worn to brightness became a very good substitute for the metal monieus sold in the shops, and was often adopted as an invocation of saintly protection.

WEDDING celebrations: Three days, sugar; sixty days, vinegar; first anniversary, iron; fifth anniversary, wooden; tenth anniversary, tin; fifteenth anniversary, crystal; twentieth anniversary, china; twenty-fifth anniversary, silver; thirtieth anniversary, cotton; thirty-fifth anniversary, linen; fortieth anniversary, woolen; forty-fifth anniversary, silk; fiftieth anniversary, gold; seventy-fifth anniversary, diamond.

A COLORED man at Paw Paw, Mich., has a breath with which he can set paper on fire. He must have been raised in Kentucky, or some other district where bourbon is cheap.

CATARRH

A PHYSICIAN'S TESTIMONY.
30 Years a Physician. 12 Years a Sufferer. Tried Regular Remedies. Tried Patent Medicines. Permanently cured by

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

MESSRS WEEKS & POTTER, Srs.: I have long suffered from Catarrh of the Bladder, and have been treated by many of the best physicians in the United States, but without success. I have used everything in the materia medica without any permanent relief, until I was induced to try a patent medicine (something that we apothecaries are very loath to do). I tried one and others until I got hold of yours. I followed the directions to the letter, and am happy to say have had a permanent cure. Your RADICAL CURE is certainly a happy combination for the cure of that most unpleasant and dangerous of diseases.

Yours, respectfully,
D. W. GRAY, M. D.,
OF Dr. D. W. Gray, Son, Physician and Druggists, Muscatine, Iowa.
MUSCATINE, IOWA, March 27, 1877.

The value of this remedy must not be overlooked in the cure of those

SYMPATHETIC DISEASES,

Affections of the Eye, Ear, Throat, Lungs and Bronchial Tubes, and in many cases accompany a severe case of Catarrh. The inflamed and diseased condition of the mucous membrane is the cause of all these troubles, and until the system has been brought properly under the influence of the RADICAL CURE, perfect freedom from them cannot be reasonably expected.

Three years since SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE was placed before the public, and in that short time it has found its way from Maine to California, and is everywhere acknowledged by druggists and physicians to be the most successful preparation for the thorough treatment of Catarrh ever compounded. The fact will be deemed of more importance when it is coupled with the statement that within two years over 250 different remedies for Catarrh have been placed on sale, and to-day, with one or two exceptions, their names cannot be recalled by the best-informed druggist. Advertising may succeed in forcing a few sales, but unless the remedy possess indubitable specific medical properties, it is absolutely certain to fall into merited obscurity.

Each package of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE contains Dr. Sanford's Improved Inhalant Tube, with full directions for its use in all cases. Price, \$1.00. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canada; and WEEKS & POTTER, General Agents and Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

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IS SIMPLY WONDERFUL.

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Ions der Collins' Voltaic Plaster have accompanied the best plaster I ever saw, and am recommending them to all.
C. McMOORE.
HURK, ILL., April 18, 1877.
It has done my boy more good than all other medicines. He now goes to school, and in the first time in three years.
ELIZA JANE DUFFIELD.
ENX, ILL., April 12, 1877.
I like the one I got well. They are the best I have seen, in the world.
S. L. MCGILL.
ASH GROVE, MO., March 22, 1877.
Accept my thanks for the good it derived from the two Collins' Plasters sent me some time ago.
W. C. MOORE.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER

for local pains, lameness, soreness, weakness, in rheumatism, inflammation of the lungs, liver, kidneys, spleen, bowels, bladder, heart, and muscles, is equal to an army of doctors and acres of plants and surgery.

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COOK STOVES,

THE THINGS IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

There are whips, and tops, and pieces of strings.
There are shoes which no little feet wear,
There are bits of ribbon and broken rings,
And tresses of golden hair,
There are little dresses folded away
Out of the light of the sunny day.

There are dainty jackets that never are worn,
There are hats and models of ships,
There are books and pictures all faded and torn,
And marked by the fingers of time,
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust,
Yet I strive to think that the Lord is just.

But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul
Sometimes, when I try to pray,
That the reaper has spared so many flowers
And taken mine away,
And I almost doubt if the Lord can know
That a mother's heart can love them so.

Then I think of the many weary ones
Who are waiting and watching to-night
For the slow return of faltering feet
That have strayed from the path of right;
Who have darkened their lives by shame and sin,
Whom the snares of the tempter have gathered in.

They wander far in distant climes,
They perish by fire and flood,
And their hands are black with the direst crimes
That kindled the wrath of God.
Yet a mother's soul has soothed them to rest—
She has lulled them to slumber upon her breast.

And then I think of my children three,
My babes that never grow old,
And know they are waiting and watching for me
In the city with the streets of gold;
Safe, safe from the cares of the weary years,
From sorrow, and sin, and war,
And thank my God with falling tears
For the things in the bottom drawer.

MALEDICTION FULFILLED.

A True and Romantic Incident of the Late Civil War.
W. Avery, Colonel Fourth Georgia Cavalry, in Cincinnati Enquirer.

In the domain of fiction the use of a verified malediction is a favorite artifice of dramatic effect. Upon the stage, that scene of simulated passion, we find it used with impressive influence. In the realm of the real, history recalls no well-authenticated instance of a realized curse. The following is a literal case that occurred during the war, under the personal knowledge of the writer, and has been the theme of much speculation. Whether it was a mere coincidence, happening without real connection, or whether it was one of those mysterious matters of inexplicable romance that break the current of staid prosaic facts, must even remain an unsolved problem. I will vouch for the details alone. The reader must exercise his own judgment upon them:

OLD AUNT RACHEL STONE.

The incident began in the early part of 1862. The writer commanded a regiment of Georgia cavalry. Most of the members of this regiment came from Whitfield and the adjoining counties in the northern part of the State of Georgia. Among the soldiers was a youth named Stone, who enlisted in the company raised in Murray county by Capt. Reuben Keith. The mother of young Stone was a very notable character. She was called Old Aunt Rachel Stone. Her husband was dead and she was still a widow supporting her family on a small farm. She was a woman of marked and peculiar appearance, a very large, erect, masculine creature, with the frame, muscles and stride of a man. She was over six feet high, broad-shouldered, massive, snawy, of immense physical vigor and strength, performing manual labor on her farm with the power and readiness of a man, ploughing, splitting rails and such other work requiring force and endurance. She had a face, clear, open, decided, of remarkably positive expression, a large, bright blue eye, of piercing penetration, a nose of character, a broad thin-lipped mouth, firm set, a conformation of jaw full of will and power, a broad high brow, and unkempt white hair that was often hanging loosely over her shoulders and which, when so fluttering around her expressive countenance and heavy frame, gave an effective individuality to her appearance. The most impressive thing at least about her was her manner of talking. She had a deep, clear voice, and an oracular way of uttering her words that were singularly forcible. She spoke with a deliberation, a precision, a measured emphasis and a ringing earnestness that always held the attention. She was naturally oratorical in her manner and utterances. A public speaker might have learned something from her. She expressed herself with unusual directness and a sort of dramatic flavor that lost nothing from the fact that it was couched in rude words and uncultured idiom. There was always, also, an originality in her opinions and expressions that interested a hearer. Her mind was bold and independent, though uneducated, and her intelligence strong and picturesque, though untrained.

She took her toddy at times, and even exceeded a prudent ration of spirits on extra occasions. But there was never anything against her chastity, and she prided herself very much upon her unblemished character. Said she once to the writer in her peculiar manner, with an added ring to her earnest voice, and dwelling with her oracular emphasis upon each distinct syllable.

"Mebeue you think I am a diab. But I am't! I am one of Jeff Davis' daughters."

She prided herself very much upon being a good, worthy subject of the confederacy, which she habitually epitomized under the name of "Jeff Davis." Take her all in all, with her strong sense, her original intelligence, her decisive method, her penetration, her impressive expressions, her shrewd observation of public matters and her rough, but picturesque individuality, and she was a very remarkable character, and to me a study of considerable interest.

CAPT. REUBEN KEITH.

The other leading character in this uncommon and tragic affair was Capt. Reuben Keith, one of the best officers in my regiment. He was a well-to-do, well-educated farmer of Murray county, aged somewhere between thirty-five and forty, a man of high character and standing. He was a conservative, straightforward, practical citizen and soldier, universally respected, his just, deliberate, decided methods carrying great weight and influence. His appearance was an index of the man. He was a stout, well-proportioned, sturdy-looking gentleman, erect and solid, with a fine open face, full of intelligence and will, and good temper. He looked the Anglo-Saxon all over, with his fair skin, ruddy color, light hair and fine blue eyes, so clear and direct in their gaze. He had an unusually clear judgment, and was noted for his truth and integrity. He had the quality of reliability to an uncommon degree. He was a brave and

skillful officer and an excellent disciplinarian. His command was thoroughly within his grasp. His final destiny was a puzzling and illogical sequence of his character and career. It violated every antecedent and experience of the man, and, connected as it was and intertwined, with the little incident I shall narrate, in which old Rachel Stone figured so dramatically, it has baffled philosophical consideration.

THE WRONG.

My regiment was encamped near Winchester, Tennessee. Mrs. Stone came from Georgia to Tennessee to endeavor to get her young son discharged from service. He was not of age, and while she had given her consent to his enlisting, her maternal solicitude had gotten the better of her patriotism, and she wished to regain him home away from the perils of the battlefield. She spent nearly a week in the vicinity of the camp pleading with Capt. Keith and myself to favor the discharge of her son. I frankly told the old lady that I could not approve it. I promised to forward her application, however, though I should be compelled by my sense of duty to in-dorse my disapproval upon it. After much vain effort to dissuade me from my disapproval, she finally brought the application to me, and I placed my in-dorsement upon it. She then asked me to read the whole paper over to her. I should have before stated that she was unable to read, and the fact of her illiteracy added to my admiration of her unique and impressive individuality. I started to read the paper. She admonished me to read slowly. When I came to Capt. Keith's indorsement, forwarding the paper "disapproved," the old woman sprang to her feet excitedly, and in eager surprise, and with impulsive incisiveness, she demanded of me imperiously to read that again. I did so very distinctly. She seemed bewildered and unable to realize the meaning of the words. She asked slowly if that writing of Capt. Keith meant that he was "agin" her boy getting out of the army. I told her that it did. She remarked in a voice strangely variant in its quietness with her strong excitement of appearance, that he had told her he had written on that paper that he was for her boy "gettin' out."

Controlling her excitement with a strong effort, she caught up the paper and abruptly left my tent. The simple fact is that Capt. Keith had deceived her. He had repeatedly and uniformly told her that he would favor her son's discharge, and instead of approving as he had promised, he disapproved it, as he afterward said, trusting that she would never know it. He supposed she would bring it to me, and that I would take and in-dorse it and forward it up, and his duplicity would never be discovered. It is a curious fact that simple uncultured natures like hers are always suspicious, and she intuitively sought to verify the correctness of his statements.

THE MALEDICTION.

The end of the old creature's visit to our camp was dramatic. Her sense of wrong at Capt. Keith's hands was deep and intense. Probably she would hardly have been less resentful and indignant if he had struck her. But to dupe her, to toy with her hopes, assent to her wishes, give her sympathy in her plan day after day, and then finally decide her, was cruel beyond measure, and it awakened in her a deep, implacable fury that knew no bounds. She had entertained high respect for him, and gave him thorough confidence. The transition was complete. Every fibre of her strong, coarse nature was wounded to the quick. It was a wonder, with their ungovernable spirit, that she did not attempt personal violence upon him. But she reserved her revenge for something more tragical. In her intense excitement she began to drink, and the liquor, of course, inflamed her rage. Finally just about dusk, she came to my tent pretty well intoxicated, and the scene that ensued is vividly impressed upon my recollection.

Her disordered appearance added to the effect she made. Her hair hung rough and uncombed about her flushed face. Her eyes glistened with excitement. Her countenance well indexed her turbulent soul. Her massive frame shook under her fiery agitation. She poured out a volume of talk, speaking none the less deliberately because of the vehemence of her tones. Her language was singularly and effectively dramatic. She began by telling me that she had no quarrel with me. It is true I refused to do her will, but I have been candid with her and never deceived her. I had told the truth like a man. But Reub Keith had acted like a dog. As she spoke his name it seemed to intensify her wrath. She elaborately, and it must be said, eloquently portrayed his perfidy, giving a graphic picture of her hopes, her plans, her love for her boy, her strong yearning to get him home, her labor, her appeals, her trust in Keith, his ready, sympathetic co-operation in her fervent desire, his base betrayal of her confidence. The stern old soul got right pathetic and touching in some of her allusions. Her tale was told with the finest simplicity and effect of finest art. The conclusion was as striking as it was unexpected. Throwing herself upon her knees, the declining sun casting a sort of illusion around her homely out expression of old face, its marked features anguished and vindictive, she uttered such an imprecation upon Keith as horrified me and those that heard it. The malignancy of that malediction was something dreadful. She invoked deadly blight upon his mind, heart and home. She hoped that he might never know peace or happiness; that he might live in misery and terror, and when he died that he might die like a hunted hound, friendless, unloved, away from friends, and his body be left unburied and unconfined as food for carrion. And she frenziedly declared that her curse would be fulfilled.

There was nothing in the scene to break the solemnity of the old woman's demonstration of hatred. She preserved her rude dignity through it all, and never lowered her tragic effectiveness. She certainly thrilled her hearers and left an uncomfortable horror for the object of her imprecations. The deep woods, the falling twilight, the martial surroundings, all were fit accessories of the picture. Rising slowly, composing her features and stalking silently into the woods and in the night, she disappeared, leaving

only the dark, hideous memory of her appalling malediction.

THE FULFILLMENT.

Old Rachel Stone passed out of immediate memory. The swift and changing drama of war left no time nor opportunity for retrospection. But the old creature's curse sped none the less surely to a seeming verification. The passage of Gen. Sherman's army through Georgia left in the northern section of the State a frightful condition of things. This favored section of the state—rich, healthy, beautiful—was a continuous ruin. It exemplified fully the horrors of war. The white section of the state, it furnished the bulk of the Union element. The arena for contending armies for a long period, it was desolated in its entirety. Left for months outside of the protecting aegis of both governments, the hiding-place of guerrillas of both armies, the theatre of that worst of all strife that exists between inimical local factions, it realized in all its dread malignance the miserable suffering conveyed in the word anarchy. The melancholy condition of this section was the saddest picture of all the sad ones of the late war. Those able to flee fled. Those unable to get away, stayed in armed despair, ever present peril, and subject to daily rapine and death. Courts were silent, schools empty, churches deserted, dwellings were burned and fences destroyed, until the civilizing demarcations of home and farm were lost in indistinguishable ruin. Strolling bands of deserters and robbers herded in the mountain caves, made predatory excursions from their fastnesses, and in their inhuman collisions and murderous orgies, kept up a reign of terror. It was once a smiling country, peaceful, prosperous and happy, converted by the fell Moloch of war into a bloody scene of utter desolation. And to these awful horrors, universal and unmitigable, the appalling possibility of starvation was added. No crop could be raised in this hideous time, and charity could not penetrate this wilderness of devastation.

Capt. Keith's family lived in this section. He obtained a leave of absence to visit and provide for his people, and never returned. The desertion was a surprise to those who knew the high and noble character of the man, but there was allowance to be made for any one in the necessity of protection for a man's family where he was powerless and the red hand of violence was a sovereign ruler. Intelligence from that country was infrequent and obscure, but always of plunder and bloodshed. Men slept in their boots and armed. Of Capt. Keith we heard little. He was evidently trying to preserve his safety. He lived in terror of the torch of the incendiary and the pistol of the assassin. How or when he came to his death has never been learned. He was missing from his family, and for weeks his fate was unknown. His friends were in an agony of suspense, feeling the worst. And when the dread certainty was known, it verified the most dreadful anticipation. His body was found in the woods in a gully, disfigured, maltreated, decaying, barely recognizable. Rachel Stone's curse had been fulfilled to the letter. He had miserably perished, as she had prayed and predicted. He had miserably died like a hunted dog, and met the frightful fatherly implacable tongue had invoked upon him—a wretched, terror-stricken, lonely, murdered out-cast.

Thurlow Weed's "Little Nell."

How a "Little Nell" of Real Life Was Found and Loved and Lost.

Thurlow Weed is an ardent admirer of Dickens' works, and expresses himself enthusiastically in an interview in the New York World. After touching various characters, he said:

"And 'Little Nell'!" Here for a moment there was a break in the veteran's voice—it was almost a break of tears—but he quickly recovered himself and continued:

"Forty years ago I was living in Albany, and one afternoon on leaving the office I went to the barber's to get shaved. There were several men in the office, and while I was under the barber's hand I heard them saying that a writing-master named Chapman had died of delirium tremens, in a room that was bare of furniture, fire and wood, and that they had found a little child two years of age alone with the corpse. After I had got through I asked the man what had become of the child, and they told me that Jenkins, the constable, had taken it to a woman's house, on such a street, to care for it until it was sent to the poor-house. It was a terrible winter day, and a furious storm was raging as I went home. At the tea-table I told the story very quietly without comment. As soon as I had finished my son (he was living then) rose and said, 'Father, shall I go and look after the child? It told him no—that he need not go. Then I put on my overcoat, and when I got to the door I found my daughter there with her bonnet and shawl on, and I asked her what she intended to do. 'To go with you and bring the baby home,' I told her that the storm was to severe. I found the house, and as I entered the sitting-room I asked the woman in charge if I could see Mr. Chapman's little girl. 'Certainly,' was the answer, and she called 'Mary, a gentleman wishes to see you.' I had noticed a little girl two years old, sitting in the corner, in the fire-light. She came and sat upon my lap. I took her home that night and we all took her to our hearts. 'The blessing of God came into our house with that child,' said Mr. Weed, and as he said it his voice quivered. 'She was as bright and lovely as the 'Little Nell' whom Dickens has made immortal. She stayed with us twelve years, and each year we loved her more and more and she won every heart in which she came in contact. In her we found that 'little Nell' was no fancy picture but a living reality, and you cannot wonder that I love the hand that drew her lineaments.' Mr. Weed here took off his watch and chain and showed his visitor two portraits of the fair young girl—one enamelled on the inside of his watch and the other contained in a pendant charm—each strikingly lovely.

"The story of that child," he continued, "is as strange as any fiction. After her death we remembered having heard a rumor that Mrs. Chapman had left another and older child at Charleston, and with my wife and daughter went there to look it up. At the hotel I picked up a directory, selected a name identified with chari-

ties, and found that this very gentleman had actually adopted Mrs. Chapman's boy, and that he had been the best and brightest child in the institution. He was ready for college, but came and visited us for a month. At Niagara he caught a severe cold, and in a month we laid him at rest beside his sister. But this is not all. We were in Europe shortly afterwards and at Boulogne met an officer of the British navy, whose wife, as it happened, had known Mrs. Chapman as a child in England (where she was born), and had traced her to the island of Santa Cruz, in the West Indies, where she had been a governess in the family of the Danish Gov. Von Schoutton. She had gone thence to Charleston and married there." Mr. Weed subsequently visited the governor at Santa Cruz, and there completed the life story of his little Nell. By another strange coincidence the father of the reporter of the World to whom Mr. Weed yesterday told this story, was at that time rector of the English (established) church in the island of Santa Cruz.

MAIDENHOOD.

What happy star shone on her birth?
What grassy corner of the earth
Grew daisies for her baby feet
To dance between, since they repeat,
On all the flowerless ways they pass,
That breezy motion of the grass?

What brook bewitched her to its brink,
And drew her fresh lips down to drink
Its music, while it slipped unseen
Its happy cadences between?
So sweet and glad the voice that slips
From ambush of her maiden lips.

What winds upon the hills gave room
To her, and buffeted to bloom
Her rounded cheeks, and made her hair
A flying sunshine in the air?
For still, like sunbeams on a rose,
Her wayward color comes and goes.

What gray-beard tree upon the down
Caught, as she sped, her floating gown,
And whispered through his ancient girth
The long dumb sorrow of the earth?
For the sweet pity in her eyes
Almost their gladness overles.

MORMON MARRIAGE.

The Doctrine of Their Bible Reviewed by a Gentle.

[From the Salt Lake Tribune.]
It is a cardinal point in Mormonism, as in other theologies, that without repentance, there is no remission of sin. In the Book of Mormon, the argument is that if mercy were allowed to rob justice, and to pardon a sinner without repentance, "God would cease to be God." This doctrine is plainly stated in the Book of Mormon, page 323.

"According to justice, the plan of redemption could not be brought about, only on condition of repentance of men in this probationary state, yea, this preparatory state; for except it were for these conditions, mercy could not take effect except it should destroy the work of justice. Now the work of justice could not be destroyed; if so God would cease to be God."

We are further taught in the Revelation on Celestial Marriage:
"Verily, verily, I say unto you, if a man marry a wife according to my word, and they are sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise, according to mine appointment, and he or she shall counsel any sin or transgression of the new and everlasting covenant whatever, and all manner of blasphemies, and if they commit no murder, whosoever they shed innocent blood, yet they shall come forth in the first resurrection, and enter into their exaltation; but they shall be destroyed in the flesh, and shall be delivered unto the buffetings of Satan unto the day of redemption, saith the Lord God."

In the book of Mormon, page 177, we read:

"But behold, and fear and tremble before God; for ye ought to tremble; for the Lord redeemeth none such that rebel against him, and die in their sins; these are they that have no part in the first resurrection. Therefore had ye no ought to tremble! For salvation cometh to none such; yea, neither can the Lord redeem such; for he cannot deny himself; for he cannot deny justice when it has its claim."

In the revelation on Celestial Marriage, we find this further doctrine:

"If a man marry a wife by my word, which is my law, and by the new and everlasting covenant, and it is sealed unto them by the Holy Spirit of promise, by him who is anointed, unto whom I have appointed this power and the keys of this priesthood * * * * * if ye abide in my covenant, and commit no murder, whereby ye shed innocent blood * * * they shall pass by the angels, and the Gods which are set there, to their exaltation and glory in all things, as hath been sealed upon their heads, which glory shall be a fullness and a continuation of the seeds for ever and ever. Then shall they be Gods, because they have no end, therefore they shall be from everlasting to everlasting, because they continue; then shall they be Gods, because they have all power and the angels are subject unto them. Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye abide my law, ye cannot attain to this glory. This is eternal lives, to know the only wise and true God, and Jesus Christ, whom He hath sent. I am he. Receive ye therefore my law."

The old serpent shows his brazen crest in that word "wise." Jesus taught us, "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." But according to this Latter-day dispensation, "eternal lives" is endless propagation. Without ever having repented of their sins, then, "if a man marries a wife according to my word, and they are sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise," if they commit any sin whatever—murder excepted—"whereby they shed innocent blood," they may come first in the resurrection and enter into their exaltation. With their sins unrepented they can enter into their exaltation (according to the teaching of the so-called revelation on celestial marriage) if they have only been "sealed up to this glory" by him who is anointed, unto whom I have appointed this power and the keys of this priesthood."

If Mormonism should ever decide to abandon the practice of pluralizing it would still hold, in the sealing prerogative of its priesthood, a more than Roman Catholic claim and power of exclusiveness in controlling the marital relations of its devotees. This is shown in some utterances of Joseph Smith in March, 1884 and printed in Deseret News, June 10-17, 1887, as follows:

"I will make every doctrin plain that

present and it shall stand upon a firm basis, and I am at the defiance of the world, for I will take shelter under the broad cover of the wings of the work in which I am engaged. It matters not to me if all hell boils over; I regard it only as I would the crackling of thorns under a pot. What you seal on earth by the keys of Elijah is sealed in heaven, and this is the power of Elijah. The spirit, power and calling of Elijah is, that ye have power to hold the key of the revelations, ordinances, oracles, powers and endowments of the fullness of the Melchisedek priesthood, and of the kingdom of God on the earth, and to receive, obtain and perform all the ordinances belonging to the kingdom of God. Again, the doctrine or sealing power of Elijah is as follows: If you have power to seal on earth and in heaven, then we should be crafty: the first thing you do, go and seal on earth your sons and daughters to yourself; and yourself unto your fathers in eternal glory, and go ahead and not go back, but use a little craftiness and seal all you can; and when you get to heaven, tell your father that what you seal on earth should be sealed in heaven, according to his promise. I will walk through the gate of heaven and claim what I seal, and those that follow me and my counsel. The Lord once told me that what I asked for I should have, etc."

At the April conference, 1844 (about ten weeks before he was killed), the prophet Joseph gave utterance to the following blasphemy (Deseret News, July 15, 1857):

"God made Aaron to be a mouthpiece for the children of Israel, and he'll make me to be God to you in His stead, and the elders to be mouth for me; and if you don't like it, you must lump it."

The sealing idea (irrespective of pluralizing), could not have originated from Joseph Smith, but with Rigdon. Of course polygamy was its natural fruit. A careful reading of the so-called revelation of Celestial Marriage shows the two hands and heads, and the two ideas—the celestial and patriarchal, which latter may be interpreted the carnal and polygamic. We may be sure that Rigdon would never have bestowed upon his prophet the sole keys of this tremendous sealing power; and Smith's claiming them, was undoubtedly the rock of offense upon which the pair split.

Upon comparison it is seen that the promises offered in the so-called revelation on Celestial Marriage are couched in similar terms and evidently come from the same source as the promise of the serpent to our first parents in the garden:

"And the serpent said unto the woman, ye shall not surely die; for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as God, knowing good from evil."

In a second and greater fall it would be strange, indeed, if the devil should not reveal himself, but in a way so subtle and plausible and cunning as to deceive even the very elect.

KILLING A TIGER.

An Exciting Hunt—The Fate of a Man-Eater.

[Sydney (Australia) Town and Country Journal.]
A deep growl ahead of us and a rustling in the bushes announced that we were close on him, and in a few yards more we came upon the mangled body of the unfortunate syce. The brute had not as yet commenced to make a meal, being I supposed startled by an alarm in the camp. Of course the groom was perfectly dead. The crushing blow which he had received at the instant of the tiger's spring had crushed his head into a hundred pieces, driving some of the bones of the skull even through the skin of the neck; in fact he must have been dead when he fell over. The body was carried back to camp without any opposition on the part of the tiger, and the fires were kept burning till morning, most of the camp followers crowding up as near to the tents as possible. After daylight the grooms started off to recover our truant steeds; these were secured and brought back uninjured, and at ten o'clock Burmah returned with the news that he had marked the brute down at last, and that one or both of Howard's bullets had wounded him the night previous, for there was blood on his trail. Burmah soon had his "bundabust" made, and as we now had about one hundred and eighty beaters collected in our train, we had every chance of success; rockets, crackers, &c., were served out to them, and then they were dispatched to Burmah under a couple of shikarrees to form a line across the far end of the ravine into which he had tracked the man-eater, while we, shouldering our rifles, and accompanied by our spare gun-bearers, were taken by him to the various passes he considered necessary to guard. Chakooks were of course sent up into the trees and every precaution taken to prevent our friend breaking away. Major H. was seated in the fork of a tree commanding a gully to the right of the gorge, up which it was thought the brute might steal away, while I was perched on a rock (luckily sheltered from the burning sun by an overhanging tree), on an eminence jutting out into the gorge, and Howard was over on the opposite side of the ravine abreast of me, and about one hundred yards distant; he too, preferred standing on a rock to climbing a tree, as in the latter case you have not the same facility in taking aim that you have when standing on foot. After some twenty minutes' pause, we heard the beaters begin their work, and as the different cries and reports reached us, we each of us earnestly hoped that the hour of the man-eater had come. On came the line of bearers up the gorge, nearer and nearer, and yet no sign of the tiger being on foot. The rockets hissed and the crackers exploded in the thick jungle ahead of the line, while the din of the tom-toms and the yells of the beaters were enough to deafen any one near them, and yet no signs of the tiger. Already had the line advanced to within a quarter of a mile of our posts, when I noticed a chakook wave his turban and point down toward Major H., and in a minute afterwards I saw that officer raise his rifle and take aim. It was some little time before he fired, and then two shots in quick succession were answered by the welcome roar that told that they had hit. Leaving the gully, up which he had been trying to sneak away unseen, he now returned to the main gorge, and made as if about to

charge the lines of beaters; but the chakooks warned them, and the loud yells and extra volleys of crackers and rockets drove him back again. He now, according to the signals from the chakooks, was advancing between Howard and me, and presently I saw Howard's rifle quickly raised, and again were the shots answered by the welcome roar. Turned from his course, he made for the spot almost on which I was stationed, as I could make out by the signals of the excited chakooks, but as yet I could neither get a glimpse of him nor even hear him. Suddenly my gun bearer pressed my arm gently, and pointed to a clump of bushes not ten yards away, from behind which he slowly stalked, evidently hard hit, and as he stopped and looked over his shoulder in the direction of the line of beaters, his expression of countenance was anything but amiable. At this second I let him have two shots about the point of the shoulder, which dropped him, but only for a second, for recovering himself, he attempted a charge; but his time was come, and he had not strength enough to reach the top of the stone on which I was standing. He tried it but fell short, clung to the rock for a second or two, during which time he received two or more shots from Howard, which broke his spine, when he fell backward and expired.

The Royal Family of Italy.

[Miss Brewster in Philadelphia Telegraph.]

The queen has never recovered the shock she received at the period of the attempted assassination of the king a year ago last autumn. A gay, brilliant winter followed that startling event, and her majesty was constantly excited and kept up the pleasant duties of a court season. This summer, while in North Italy, she was imprudent in making mountain excursions, and at one time entered a grotto near Milan, where she got her feet wet and took cold. A malaga fever followed; the fever was cured, but it left her in this frightfully depressed state of body and spirits. It is a matter of time and patience, her medical advisers say. She has youth on her side, but not a very strong constitution, and the apprehension is that her illness may end in a rapid consumption.

The queen was twenty-eight in November. She is popular, has gentle manners and a fair intelligence; perfectly fitted for her position; fond of gay life, of dress and pleasure, but entirely free from lightness of moral or manners. There has never been a word or breath uttered against her. Since the king's accession to the throne he has been an excellent husband; his early life was, as every one knows, most immoral, and now his health is suffering from the excesses of youth. The first years of his married life were not happy, owing to his open neglect of his wife, but the Princess Marguerite was patient and forbearing; she did all in her power to conciliate her cousin-husband. She has always had a tender custom of going into his cabinet with only their son present, the hour before dinner. Sometimes husband and wife parted angrily the preceding day, for he is hasty in temper and quick of speech in private life, and brooks no reproval. But she always set aside her vexation with the old day, and went into his private room with their baby boy, whom he loves dearly, and whom he was luckily always ready to caress and entertain. A gentleman who was the head of the prince's household, and who suddenly died a few years ago, told a friend of mine that these evening visits of the princess, accompanied by her son, which she always made of her own free will and accord, were the salvation of their married life.

Their marriage was not for love, but for state reasons. In childhood the young cousins never cared for each other; but once a wife the young princess felt all the responsibility and dignity of her position, even young as she was, and she determined upon keeping up at least the appearance of union between them. One day she was talking with some ladies about an English novel they had all been reading. A friend of mine was present. The ladies differed in opinion as to the love story of the novel. They appealed to the Princess Marguerite, as she was then. "Ah, ladies," she answered, "I am not able to judge; a woman in my position knows nothing about that which is called love." And then she lightly turned the conversation upon other points in the book. It is a pity that she cannot live to enjoy the comfort of the happy married life which she has so fairly earned. The king, it is said, shows much feeling about her illness.

A Plea for Plainness.

The old maxim about reading much but not many things in order to become wise, might be applied also to eating, since in physical as well as in mental food the best results are from simplicity and not from variety. The best guaranty of health makes a good square meal of simply-cooked and nourishing food without craving for a multiplicity of rich and rare cakes and sweetmeats, pies and relishes. Pinching economy reduces the dishes on many a table, and so becomes an angel of health in disguise; but in prosperous families the bill of fare generally shows an extraordinary growth and needs more pruning than it ever gets. If the family are agreed in their tastes, there need be but few dishes upon the table at any meal though there should be a judicious exchange, or rotation of dishes from meal to meal. The advantages of plain living are numerous. The best authorities agree that it is the most healthful. It greatly reduces the work in the kitchen and enables the housewife to devote part of her time to something better. It reduces the cost of living, and this in these times is an item worth considering. Plain living, too, serves as a corrective, or, rather, a preventive, in the young, of the unnatural cravings which in after life seek gratification in dangerous stimulants. Mothers would surely shudder if they could only see what those appetites they so sedulously cultivate in their children with which any spicy dainties are no longer at hand or have lost their relish. Habits of plain living formed in youth are sometimes abandoned in after life, but it is certain such habits never fit comfortably unless they are formed in youth. Enforced in middle life as a necessity, they are of little avail in restoring health or fortune, and are submitted to as heavy burdens to be dropped at the earliest opportunity.

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Complete line of Vegetables, Etc., at KUPITZ.

A Full Line of Paints, Oils, and Brushes at DUNN'S.

Blank Books, Stationery, French note paper of every description, at HOLLEMBACK'S.

Toilet Articles, A fresh invoice of toilet articles and perfume just opened at HOLLEMBACK'S.

Top Onions, at KUPITZ.

Blank Books, at DUNN'S.

Ground Paints, In all colors, white lead, varnish, etc., at HOLLEMBACK'S.

Aspinwall Bananas, And Florida Oranges at KUPITZ.

Lace Bunting, Are the latest, and Dan Eisenberg has a full assortment of them, also a full line of Linen Lawns.

A Large and Complete Stock of Stationery at DUNN'S.

Cider, Cider, Duffy's celebrated Cider, by the barrel, gallon or quart, at KUPITZ.

Misses' and Children's Shoes, At bottom prices at MARSHALL'S.

Garden and Flower Seeds, Of every kind at HOLLEMBACK'S.

Lager Eggs, And Cocoanuts at KUPITZ.

Straw Goods, At Dan Eisenberg's, all the latest novelties in Ladies' and Children's.

Opium Sells, Just received at KUPITZ.

Dan Eisenberg, Has just received an elegant assortment of Ladies' and Misses' shoes.

Pure Maple Sugar, at KUPITZ.

Russia Leather, And Seal Skin Portemonnaies and pocket-books at HOLLEMBACK'S.

Messina Lemons, And Turkish Dates at KUPITZ.

1,000 Packages, Of genuine Durham Smoking Tobacco at HOLLEMBACK'S.

Rubber Boots, Of all sizes for men, at MARSHALL'S.

5,000 Key West Cigars, Just opened at HOLLEMBACK'S.

Just Received, A large invoice of very fine apples, Valencia oranges and Messina lemons. At KUPITZ.

The Only Place, If you looking for a place to get a tenderloin or porterhouse steak, remember Forster's restaurant.

New Lettuce, Radishes and Onions, at KUPITZ.

Forster's, Forster's, Forster's, is the place to go for your day board.

Am Now Receiving, Weekly a carload of choice stall-fed cattle, also have constantly on hand fresh veal, mutton and pork. KUPITZ.

Use the Improved, Cuban Cigarettes for Catarrh, sold at HOLLEMBACK'S.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic gives tone to the stomach and digestive organs.

LOCAL LEVIES

Just to Please the Ladies.

"Come and see Watson's splendid stock of goods," said a lady to a reporter the other day. "It is the finest stock ever brought to Bismarck," said she. Joining her, the store crowded with customers was soon reached, and an hour spent looking over the stock. It proved to be as the lady said, "just splendid." In buying this spring Mr. Watson covered the whole range of ladies goods from the most costly silks to the cheapest prints, from the elegant ready made silk suits to cheap calico wrappers. If I hadn't that old granddame to be made over I'd have a dress from that lace hunting said she. See! he has in the black, buff, garnet blue, etc. The granddame shade runs through his line of silks, velvets, satins, cashmeres, etc. See the new styles of sun hats, the brown linen ulsters. Isn't that line of broadened and flowered cashmere ribbons, Persian and Oriental effect, lovely? And that double-faced satin in heliotrope, Spanish yellow, moss green and garnet. Are not those flowers beautiful? And so the lady, joined by others, talked on about blue and gold silk hose, flowered satin jewelry, broadened and flowered buttons, horse shoe combs, horse shoe jewelry, and handkerchiefs, and things till a reporter was completely bewildered. Mr. Watson purchased these goods just to please the ladies and, reader, you just ought to see how glad Bacher and Clausen are to show them.

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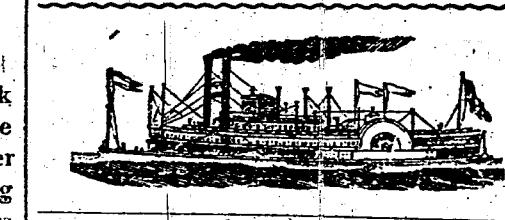
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STEAMBOAT COLUMN



The next boat expected from below is the Far West, daily.

The Sherman will probably get out on the ways next week.

The Sherman returned from her Standing Rock trip Wednesday night.

The Butte, first boat of the season for up river, left Monday evening with a full load of freight and passengers.

River report.—10 a. m. Stevenson—A decided rise in river to day. Buford—slight rise. Keogh—stationary.

Captain G. D. Moore arrived from Alton, Ill., Wednesday night, and is a guest at the Sheridan.

Captain Guire who did such a successful job in raising the Macleod's machinery from the wreck, left for St. Louis Wednesday.

The Rosebud, first boat of the season from below, arrived Tuesday, took on a large quantity of freight, fifty or sixty passengers and left for Ft. Buford Wednesday evening at 6:30.

Joe Dietrich returned from his trip to St. Paul Wednesday. It is not likely that Marsh and Dietrich will buy the Union, but it is probable that a new ferry will be brought up from below.

The gun wad alias the Yankton Press and Dakotian takes exception to the recent dispatch sent from Bismarck to eastern papers, stating that the government freight would be shipped from Bismarck this season to points above, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. It copies a portion of the dispatch, but leaves off the most important part—that showing a saving to the government of twenty-five cents on a hundred by shipping this way. The government takes the cheapest and surest route. The Missouri between Bismarck and Running Water, Sioux City or Yankton is very uncertain during the summer months, and the government has not the time to speculate on uncertainties. Yankton has some government corn to ship, but further than that she must not expect any government business except on paper, which is being pretty freely lavished by the said P. & D.

STEAMBOAT COLUMN

Yellowstone Line
Yellowstone Line
OF STEAMERS.

JOSEPH LEIGHTON, Manager.
(St. Paul Minn.)

Steamer

F. Y. Batchelor,
GRANT MARSH, Master.

Leaves Bismarck Thursday, May 6,
Fort Buford, Miles City,
Fort Keogh, Sherman,
Terry's Landing, Huntley,
Junction City, Fort Gustav, and
Big Horn River.

Will run regularly during season
For Freight or Passage, apply on board,
Or, J. C. BARR, Sheridan House

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WANTS, FOR SALE, RENT, ETC

Wants.

WANTED.—A girl to do housework. Good wages. Apply to Wm. M. Pyle, Jr., at Dan. Eisenberg's.

WANTED.—Lovers of fine wines and liquors, a good cigar or a "bang up" meal, to call at Bush & McBratney's Palace Restaurant, Mandan, D. T.

WANTED.—A few Bismarck City Directories left, at 50 cents and \$1.00 per copy, at THE TRIBUNE OFFICE.

For Sale.

FOR SALE.—1,500 bushels potatoes. Apply at the Post Trader's store, Fort Lincoln. 441

FOR SALE.—The saloon building on Fourth street, formerly occupied by Chris Gilson. Building will also be rented. Apply to 261f McLEAN & MACNIDER.

FOR SALE.—A second hand platform spring wagon, nearly new. Wagon has just been repainted and will be sold at a bargain. Enquire of C. K. WILLIAMS.

FOR SALE.—E. H. Bly in addition to his contract with the N. P. for 10,000 tons of coal is prepared to furnish the trade both local and foreign. 351f

FOR SALE.—Hay and oats. Bay in stack or delivered in town. Inquire of Henry Suttie, one mile south of town on the Apple Creek road.

FOR SALE.—A few more Bismarck Directories. Useful references for business men.

FOR SALE or RENT.—The Echart farm one mile and a half south of Bismarck, containing 160 acres. Also farm machinery. Apply to W. M. HAMMOX, Fort Lincoln, D. T.

HOTELISTS and Bismarck people generally, who have been short of milk, should order of Oscar Ward, who will keep up with the demands of trade no matter how fast Bismarck may increase its population.

Miscellaneous.

JEWELL'S DIRECTORY has the name and place of residence of every person in the city. For Sale at THE TRIBUNE office, 50 cts. and one dollar.

DON'T forget Forster's when you are in town

Do you want to find a man in this city? If so, buy one of Jewell's Directories, which will tell you where he lives.

LADIES' fine shoes a specialty. Large invoice just received at MARSHALL'S, 76 Main Street.

FIRST-class day board at Forster's only \$5 per week.

100 COPIES LEFT.—Purchase one before they are all sold. Early history of Bismarck, together with a complete directory, giving name and place of business, and residence of every person in Bismarck. M. H. JEWELL, Publisher, Bismarck, D. T.

GET your watch regulated at Day & Plants, 28 1/2, Main street.

\$72 a WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Lousy Outfit free. Address THOMAS & Co. Augusta, Maine.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & Co. Portland, Maine.

SEND TO F. C. RICH & Co. Portland, Me., for best Agency Business in the World. Expensive outfit free.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address: A. HALLETT & Co. Portland, Maine.

FRENCH Kid side lace and buttoned boots, the nearest yet, at MARSHALL'S.

Do you want to save money? Then go to Forster's and buy meal tickets.

DO YOU WANT to find out the full name of anyone in the city, or address circulars for the spring trade? If so, buy one of Jewell's Directories. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Only 100 copies left.

Money to Loan.

MONEY TO LOAN—Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers. Enquire of M. P. STATTERT, 411m 48 Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

Choice Seed Potatoes.

I have about one hundred bushels of the Triumph potatoes for sale. I raised 125 bushels last year from one bushel of seed. It is about two weeks earlier than the Early Rose. Price per bushel \$2.50; Early Rose per bu. 50c. HENRY SUTTLE, Bismarck, D. T.

CLOTHING

WANTS, FOR SALE, RENT, ETC

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